T. G.

Songs by
Dr. Arne
Mich. Arne
Dibdin
Shield
Hayden
Moore
Linley
Carter
&c. &c.

N.B. When we the Corp. Clyff Pantaloons
Old Captain Allen Lucy

00590995

OVERTURE in THOMAS and SALLY

Pr: 6d

Allegro

Unif.

Unif.

Octaves

Adº.

Printed for T. Skillern Nº 17 St. Martins Lane.

Pr: 6d

The SCOTCH AIR in the OVERTURE to Thomas & Sally.

Sung by Mr. Tenducci and Miss Brent at Vauxhall and Ranelagh

Affettuoso

To ease his Heart and own his Flame young JOCKEY to my Cottage came, but tho' I liked him passing weel, I careless turnd my Spinning Wheel, My milk white Hand he did extol, And praisd my Fingers long and small, un_usual Joy my Heart did feel, but still I turnd my Spinning Wheel, Then round about my slender Waist, he clasp'd his Arms and me embraced, to kiss my Hand he down did kneel, but yet I turnd my

Poco F.

Spinning Wheel, With gentle Voice I bid him rise he blessd my Neck my Lips and Eyes, My fondness I could some conceal, yet still I turnd my Spinning Wheel.

F.

P.

Till bolder grown so close he prest'd, his wanton thoughts I quickly guess'd, then

P.

puſh'd him from my Rock and Reel, and Angry turn'd my Spinning Wheel, at laſt when

I began to chide, he ſwore he meant me for his Bride, 'twas then my Love I did reveal, and

Sy

flung away my Spinning Wheel.

For the Ger: Flute and Guittar

Sy

Affettuoſo

So

Sy

So

Sy

So

Sy

52

To sigh when Sorrow Load's the Breast,

a favorite Song Sung by

Miss Waters

in the Opera of

JOANNA,

as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

Composed by Dr. Busby. Pr. 1/6

London Printed by Goulding, Phipps & D'Almaine 45 Pall Mall & 76 St. James's Street Music Sellers to their Royal Highnesses the Prince & Princess of Wales and Manufacturers of Musical Instruments. Likewise to be had of Goulding Duvett & Co. Dublin.

Larghetto e Grazioso

Violino 1.o

Violino 2.o

Viola

Voce

Bass

mf

fp

Joanna

p pp

p pp

pp

To sigh when Sorrow loads the breast is

p pp

Nature's kind re - - lief To weep to weep is

almost to be blest A - mid the burst of grief To

Joanna

Cres. f p

Cres. f p

weep To weep is almost to be blest amidst the burst of grief A-

f p

fp fp fp mf

fp mf

mf

midst the burst of grief

fp fp fp mf

pp

p pp

p p

p pp

sigh then fair Maid if

Joanna p

Sighs will cheer A heart so sad as thine.

6 7 6 5 6 7 6 6/4 6

fp

fp

weep and I'll double ev'_ry tear weep and I'll dou_ble

fp

fp

ev'_ry tear For all thy griefs are mine weep and I'll double

6 6 6/5 6/4 5/3 6 5/3

Joanna

double ev'ry tear for all thy griefs are mine all thy griefs

all all thy griefs are mine.

2

Alass! thy William, now no more,
Might well thy love excite,
Its loss thy soul might well deplore,
Its loss of all delight;
Sigh then, Fair Maid, if sighs can cheer,
A heart so sad as thine;
Weep, and I'll double ev'ry tear,
For all thy griefs are mine.

Joanna

ART THOU AWAKE?

A Spanish Serenade

— THE —

words by G Walker

THE

MUSIC BY Mr. WHITAKER

Pr. 1/

London
Printed by G Walker 106 Great Portland Street

Just Published

Remember me from the Romance of Don Raphael	Pr	1/
Blooming Virgins cease your pining	Do	1
The Pilgrim Boy	Do	1
Ye maidens Fair of Feature	Do	1
The Cuckoo — A Glee by Mr. Whitaker		2 6

VOCE.

PIANO FORTE.

Allegretto ma non troppo

p

f

Art thou a wake or art thou sleeping Love may at_tack thee la_dy

fair where is the heart so safe in keeping as to e_lude the

se_cret snare where is the heart so safe in keeping as to e_

lude the se cret snare Cu_pid a wan_ton sli_ly enters

Sometimes the eye sometimes the ear Boldly to gild_ed domes he

ventures wrapt in the garb of bash - ful fear Rise thee and hear me

la - dy fair Rise thee and hear me la - dy fair la - dy

fair la - dy fair Rise thee and hear me la - dy fair.

Then dearest maid be not disdaining,
That power the proudest once must feel,
List to an heart, whose fond complaining
Love's brightest passion would reveal:
Then again close thine eyes in slumbers,
Should love perchance invade thy breast
Music attuned to softest numbers,
Shall soothe thy mind to sweetest rest.
Rise thee, &c.

THE FOWLER

from the celebrated Opera of the Magic Flute

Composed by MOZART

London Printed by G Walker 106 Great Portland Street — Pr 1/4

Allegretto

I am a fowler blyth and gay chear-

-ful and happy night and day there's not a fowler to be found so known to all the country

round. none better knows to lure a bird a better whistler can't be heard.

which makes me al_ways mer ry be for evry bird be

longs to me.

2

I am a Fowler blyth and gay,
Cheerful and happy night and day,
There's not a fowler to be found,
So known to all the country round.
So could I but a net contrive,
To take the Lasses all alive,
I'de keep them than to live with me,
For mine should all the lasses be.

For the Guitar.

I am a Fow_ler blyth and gay cheer full and happy night and day there's

not a fow_ler to be found so known to all the Country round none

bet ter knows to lure a bird a bet_ter whist ler can't be heard which

makes me al_ways mer_ry be for ev_ry bird be_longs to me I

THE WISH

A Favorite Canzonet

Composed by J. Ambrose.

Enter'd at Stationer's Hall. Price 1.s

LONDON,
Engrav'd Printed & Publishd, by E. RILEY; N.o 8. Strand.

Violino

Andante

Mine be a Cot be - side a Hill, A Bee - hive hum shall

footh my Ear, A Willowy Brook that turns a Mill, With

ma - ny a fall shall lin - ger near.

The Swallow oft be - neath the Thatch, Still twitters

mez Voce

f p

twitters from her Clay built Nest, Oft ſhall the Pil - grim

lift the Latch, And ſhare my Meal a wel - come

f f

Guest, Oft ſhall the Pil - - grim lift the Latch, And

mf

ſhare my Meal a wel - come Guest,

Around my I - - vi'd porch ſhall ſpring, Each fra - grant

mez Voce.

Flow'r that drinks the Dew, And Lu - cy at her

Wheel ſhall ſing, In ruf - - set Gown and A - pron

blue, And Lu - - cy at her Wheel ſhall ſing, In

ruf - set Gown and A - - pron blue.

Allegro

The Vil - liage Church a - mong the Trees, Where

cres

first our Mar - riage vows were giv'n, With merry merry

peals ſhall ſwell the breeze, And point with ta - per

f *f* *f*

ſpire to Heav'n The

f *f* *f* *f*

Vil - liage Church a - mong the Trees, Where first our

f f f f cres

Mar - riage vows were giv'n, The merry merry peals that

fwell the breeze, And points with ta - - per ſpire to

f f

Heav'n, points with ta - per ſpire to Heav'n.

Pizz

8

Oh, why will you call me again?

A favorite Song

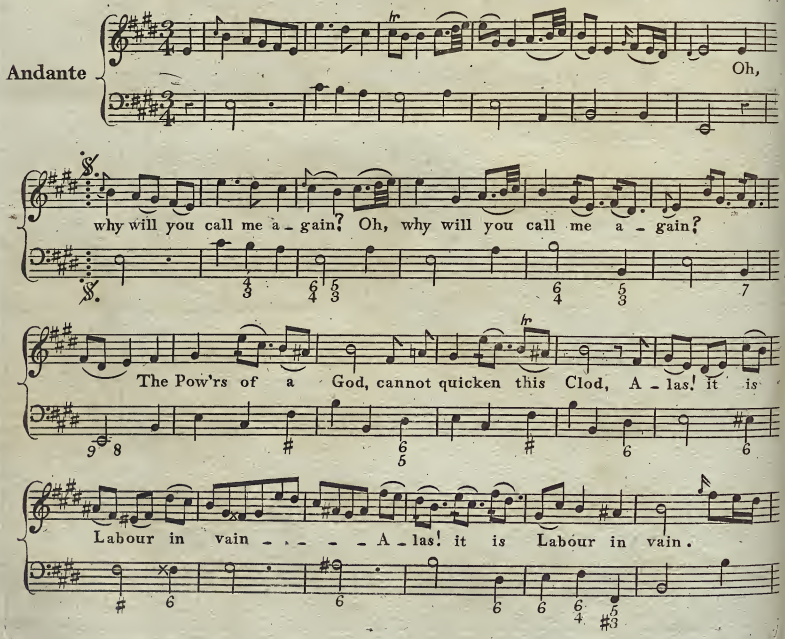
Sung by Master Gregson in

CYMON

Composed by Mr. Arne

Entered at Stationer's Hall. Price 6d.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Hay Market.



The Pow'rs of a God cannot quicken this

Clod A - las! it is Labour in vain - - - - - A - las! it is

Labour in vain, A - las! A - - - las! A -

- - las! it is Labour in vain.

Sym.

Oh! Venus my Mother, some new object give her, this

blunts all my Arrows, and empty's my Quiver, Oh! Venus my Mother, some

new object give her, this blunts all my Arrows, and empty's my Quiver. Oh!

For the German Flute or Guitar

Andante

Oh why will you call me a - gain, Oh why will you call me a - - gain,

The Pow'rs of a God, cannot quicken this Clod, A - las it is Labour in vain - - - - - A - las it is Labour in vain.

The Pow'rs of a God cannot quicken this Clod, A - las it is Labour in vain - - - - A - las it is Labour in vain, A - las A - - - las A - - las it is Labour in vain.

Sym

Oh! Venus my Mother, some new object give her, this blunts all my Arrows, and empty's my Quiver; Oh! Ve - nus my Mother, some new object give her, this blunts all my Arrows, and empty's my Quiver. Oh!

4 Then Say my Sweet Girl Can you Love me?

A Favorite Song

SUNG BY Mr. D'ARLEY,

at Vauxhall Gardens

Composed by Mr. Hook.

Entered at Stationers Hall. Price 6.d. The Words by Mr. Upton.

London Printed & Sold at A. Bland & Weller's Music Warehouse, No. 23 Oxford Street.

ANDANTINO

p

f

Dear Nancy I've sail'd the World all a_round, And

p

Se_ven long Years been a Rover, to make for my Charmer each shilling a pound, but

now my hard pe_rils are O_ver. I've

f

Expressivo

fav'd from my Toils Ma_ny Hundreds in gold, The Comforts of life to be_get, have

pp

borne in each Climate the Heat and the Cold, have borne in each Climate the heat and the Cold, and

all for my pret_ty Bru_nette, Then say my sweet Girl can you love me, then

ad lib:

say my sweet Girl can you love me, then say my sweet Girl can you love me.

ad lib:

f

2

Tho' Others, may boast of more Riches than mine,
And rate my attractions e'en fewer;
At their jeers and ill nature, I'll scorn to repine
Can they boast of a heart that is truer!
Or, will they for thee, plough the hazardous Main,
Brave the Seasons both Stormy, and Wet,
If not, why I'll do it again, and again,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then say my sweet Girl &c.

3

When Order'd afar, in pursuit of the Foe,
I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain wou'd persuade me, I might be laid low,
And ah! never more, See my Nancy,
But Hope like an Angel, Soon banish'd the thought,
And bade me, such nonsense forget:
I took the advice, and undauntedly fought
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then say my sweet Girl &c.

For The German Flute

Sy

Andantino

p

So

f

Sy

Expressivo

So

Sy

So

ad lib:

Lamentation

OF

MARIE ANTOINETTE,

LATE QUEEN of FRANCE.

On the

Morning of her Execution,

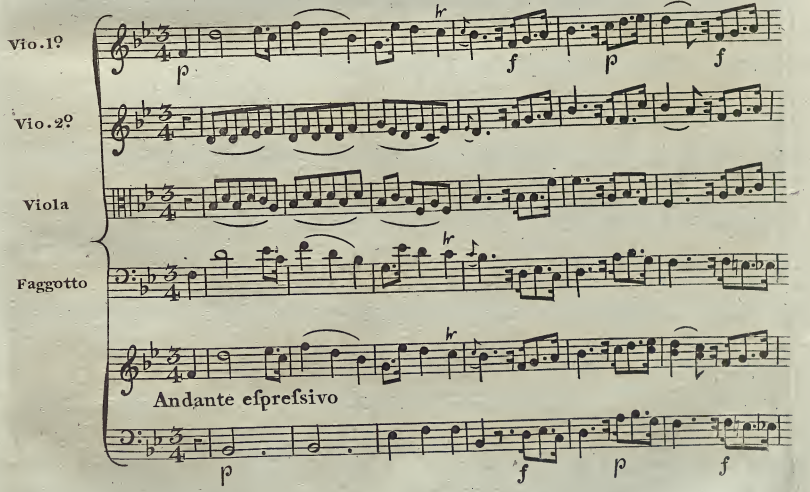
Set to Music by

Stephen Storace.

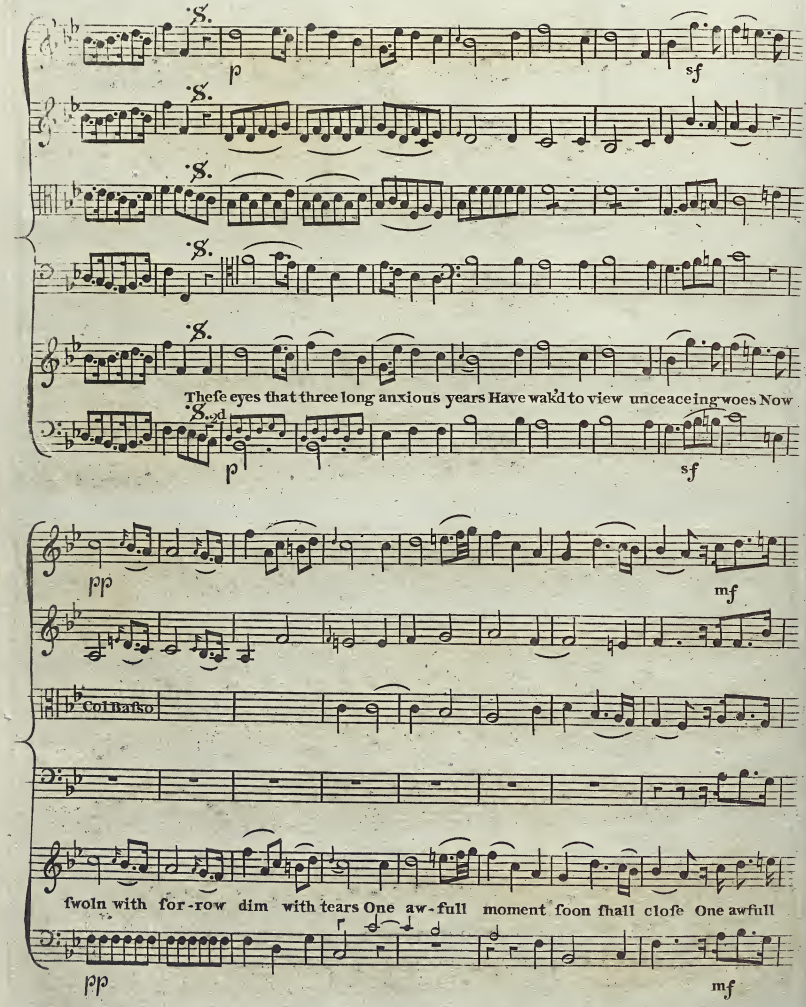
Entered at Stationers Hall.

Price s. d. 1:0

London, Printed for the Author, & Sold by J. Dale,
No. 19, Cornhill, & No. 132, Oxford Street, facing Hanover Square.



Storace


S.
p
sf
S.
S.
S.
S.
These eyes that three long anxious years Have wak'd to view unceaceing woes Now
S.d
p
sf
pp
mf
Col basso
swoln with for-row dim with tears One aw-full moment soon shall close One awfull
pp
mf

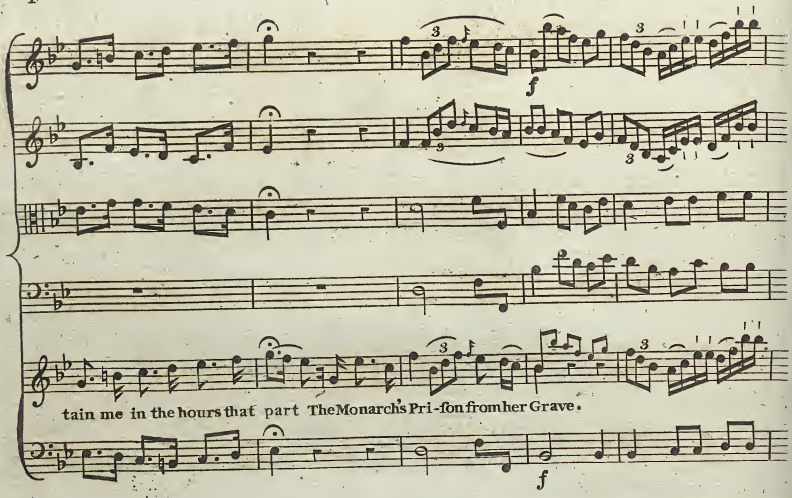
f p

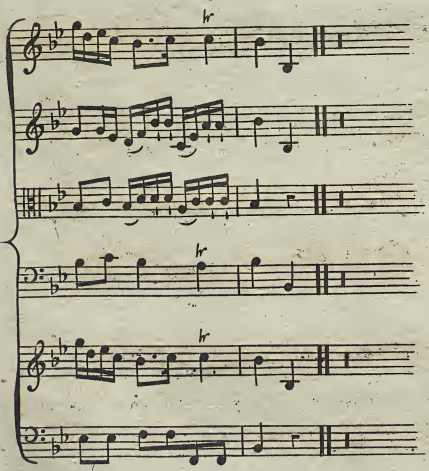
Col Basso

moment soon shall close Oh Lord receive a contrite heart The Suffrer in her anguish

f p

save Suf - tain me in the hours that part The Monarch's Pri - son from her Grave Suf-





2

Thoſe Pledges of a Saint in Heav'n
My voice in Death to thee commends
To nature be this pang forgiv'n
And Angels be the Orphans Friends
The murderers come, be huſh'd my woe
No ſound of grief my ſilence break
Left tears that for my Children flow
The Tyrants rage againſt them wake.

3

Their ruthleſs guards my ſteps attend
The fatal axe of Death they raiſe
And on my life diſaſtrous end
Exulting crowds around me gaze
My hands they bind be firm my heart
On earth no longer ſuff'ring crave
Paſt are the painful hours that part
The Monarch's Priſon from her Grave.

Return to order and your Country save

Sung by Mr. Incledon at the new Theatre Royal Covent Garden in the Scene of the

SURRENDER of TOULON

Written by W. Pearce Esq.r and Set to Music by

Mr. SHIELD.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Price 1s.

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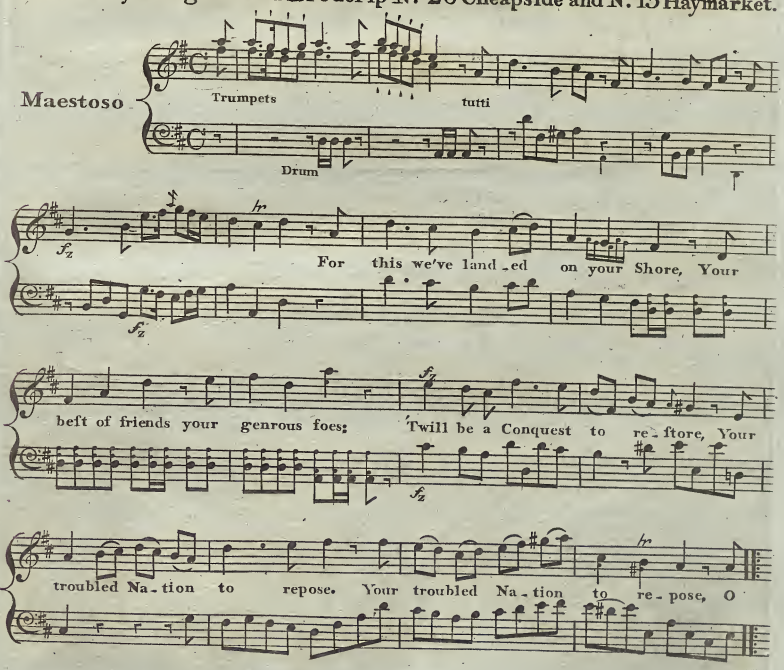


V.S.

Espressivo

while upon these Tow'rs our colours wave, Re-turn to or-der Re-turn to order Re-

-turn to order and your Country save. O while upon these Tow'rs our coulours wave, Re-

Chorus

-turn to or-der and your Country save.

Espressivo

Fine

O never never may you

2d. Verse.

feel a-gain the GALLING FETTER, SLAVISH OAR; But purest Freedom with you reign And

Fraud as-sume her Name no more. And fraud as-sume her Name no more. Yet D.C.

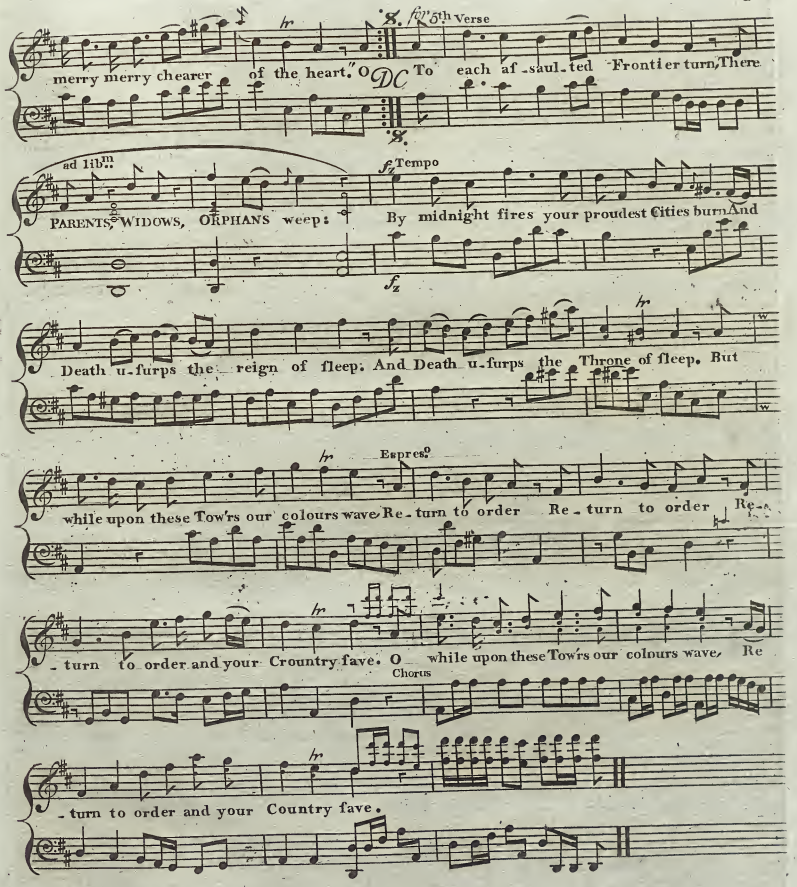
Break break the spells which now confine And from the mad de- - - lu-sion start

3d. Verse.

Trumpet

Waste lie your Fields, un-pruned the Vine, The merry merry chearer of the heart. the

* Shakespear's Henry V.



4th. Verse No more the scene of Tillage charms;
Your Peasants court the ruthless war;
The Crook—the Spade, they quit for Arms,
And seek the tented Field afar.
O while upon &c.

(NB: this stanza is omitted in the representation but should range as the Third.)

Adieu thou dreary Pile

Sung by Mrs. Billington in the

DUENNA

Price 1s.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Haymarket.

Andante

Oboe Solo

Violin Oboe Violin Oboe

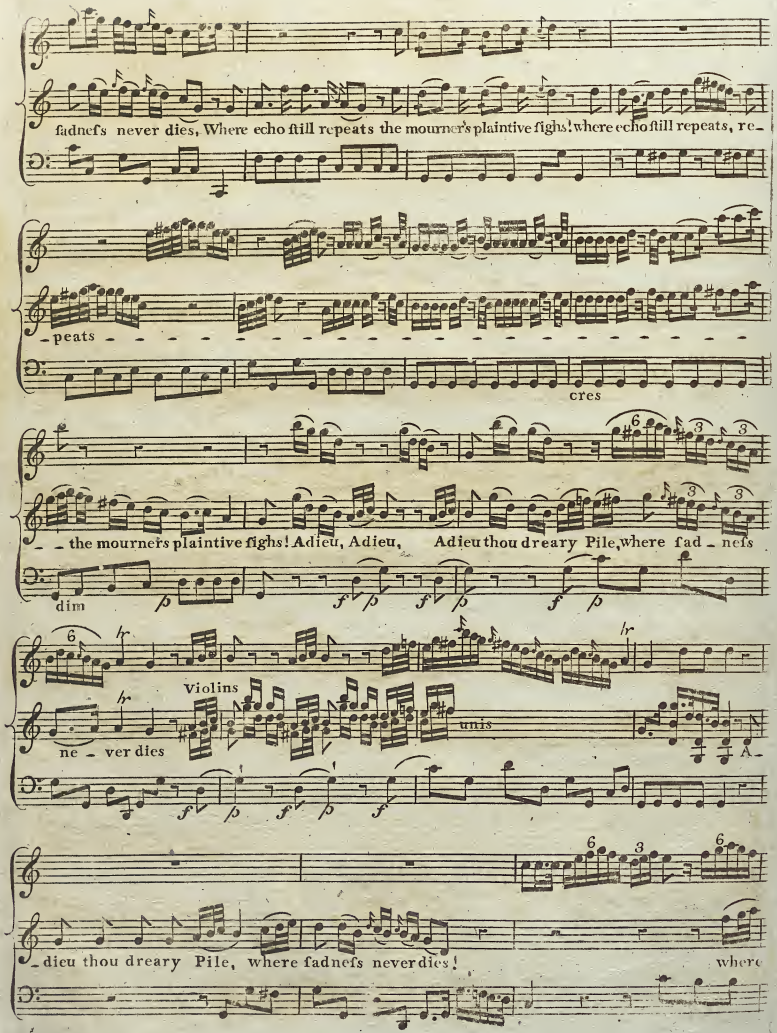
tutti

CLARA

A-

Oboe

-dieu thou dreary Pile-, where sadness never dies, where


fadnefs never dies, Where echo ftill repeats the mourner's plaintive fighs! where echo ftill repeats, re-
-peats
cres
the mourners plaintive fighs! Adieu, Adieu, Adieu thou dreary Pile, where fad - nefs
dim
ne - ver dies
Violins
unis
-dieu thou dreary Pile, where fadnefs never dies!
where

fadneſs never dies! A-dieu thou dreary Pile, where e - - - - cho

ſtill repeats, ſtill repeats the mourner's plaintive ſighs! the mourner's plaintive ſighs! ſtill ſtill re-

-peats the mourn - - er's plain - tive ſighs! Adieu thou dreary Pile where fadneſs never

dies, never dies, where echo echo ſtill repeats, ſtill repeats the mourn - er's

plaintive ſighs! re-peats, repeats the mourner's plain - - - - tive

Violins

with the 1st Violin

sighs!

For happier scenes I fly I fly this hateful Grove, I fly this hateful Grove, to

Allegro

ev'ry joy a foe, to ev'ry joy a foe: a Grave to hap - less Love. I

fly, I fly, I fly this hateful Grove, to ev'ry joy a

foe - - - the Grave of hap - less Love, the Grave of hapless Love.

cres

Da Capo

To sing of Loves Passion,

A Favorite CANZONET,

— Composed by —

Dr. HAYDN.

Pr. 1s.

London. Printed for T. Skillern, No. 17, St. Martins Lane.

Poco Adagio.

sf

sf

To sing of loves passion, I'm

sf

call'd by my fair; Ah! who would not sing when com-manded by her?

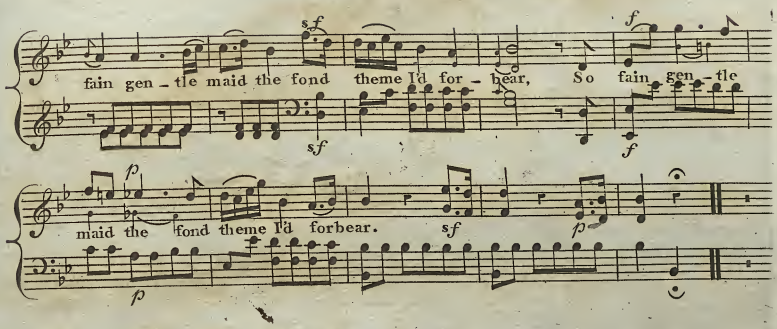
sf

sf

Yes love's softest languish, Cre-ates but new

anguish, Cre-ates but new an- - - - - - - - - - - - - guish, So

Cembalo



2

Young Cupid triumphant, in mischief well skill'd,
Subdues mighty Princes and keeps the fair field:
Ambition declining,
To beauty resigning,
Each Chief for the myrtle the laurel shall yield.

3

The coward grows daring and pants for the fray,
The miser free hearted, the splenetic gay;
Grave wisdom admiring,
Grows mad with desiring,
The bachelor sighs for the fair 'till he's gray.

4

Yet when the fond heart is bewilder'd in joy,
And love's softest raptures the moments employ,
Dear pleasures so cheating!
Soft transports so fleeting!
A smile can give life, and a frown can destroy.

5

Should jealousy's torments embitter the woe
That arises from absence, what anguish shall flow!
What moaning and sighing!
Despairing and dying!
Ah! who shall describe what the lover shall know?

6

To urge the soft subject, then cease gentle fair.
I'm ill at such numbers, nor further shall dare;
For love's softest languish
Creates but new anguish,
And hence, dearest maid, the fond theme I forbear.

For the German Flute.

Poco Adagio.

sf

sf To

fing of love's paſ_ ſion, I'm calld by my fair; Ah,

sf

who would not ſing when com_ mand_ _ed by her?

Yet love's ſofteſt lan_ guiſh Cre_

ates but new an guiſh, Cre_ ates but new an_ _ _ _ _

_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ guiſh: So fain gen_ tle maid, the fond

sf

f *p*

theme I'd for_ bear, So fain gen_ tle maid, the fond

sf *p*

theme I'd for_ bear.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD

A favorite Song, Sung by Mr. Incledon in

HARTFORD BRIDGE

Composed by

W. Shield

Entered at Stationer's Hall — Price 1/.

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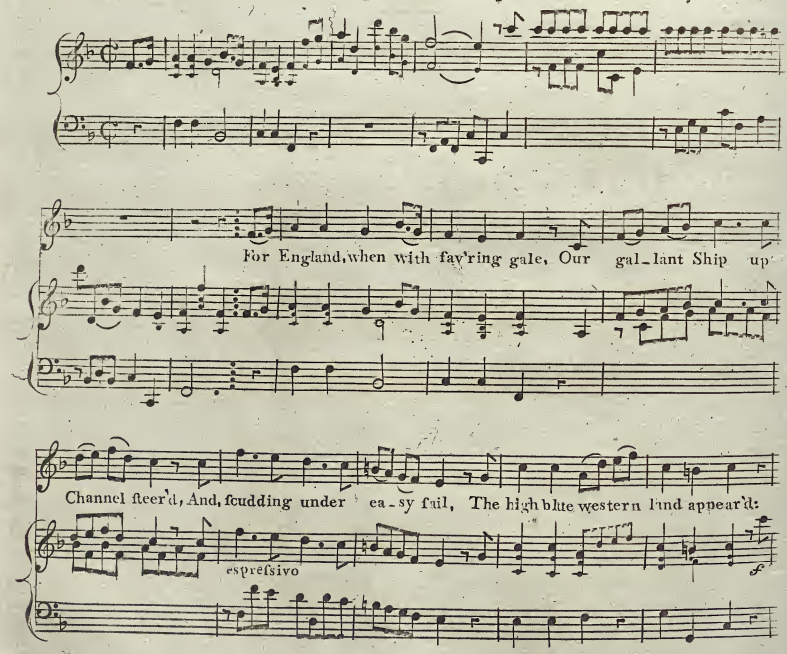


To heave the lead the Seaman ſprung, And to the Pi - lot

ad libitum

cheer - ly ſung BY THE DEEP NINE BY THE DEEP NINE! To heave the lead the

legate

Sea-man ſprung, And to the Pi-lot cheerly ſung BY THE DEEP NINE!

f

tr

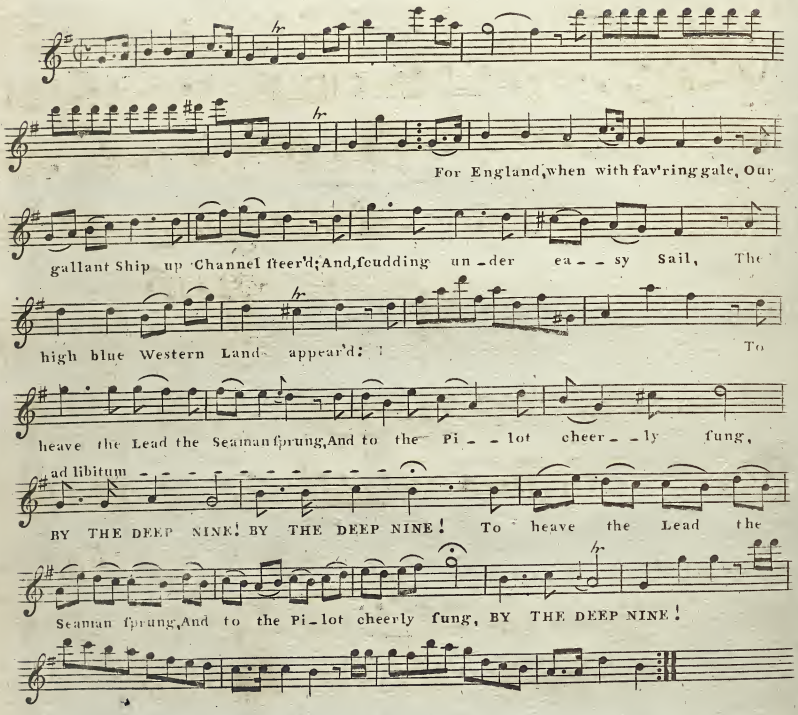
2

And, bearing up, to gain the Port,
Some well known object kept in view,
An Abbey tow'r, an Harbour fort,
Or Beacon, to the Veſsel true
While oft the lead the Seaman flung,
And to the Pilot cheerly ſung,
BY THE MARK_SEVEN!

3

And, as the much lov'd Shore we near,
With transport we beheld the roof
Where dwelt a Friend, or Partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchleſs proof:
The lead once more the Seaman flung,
And to the watchful Pilot ſung,
QUARTER_LESS_FIVE!

For the German Flute



2

And bearing up, to gain the Port,
Some well known object kept in view,
An Abbey tow'r, an Harbour fort;
Or Beacon, to the Vessel true.
While oft the Lead the Seaman flung,
And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
"BY THE MARK SEVEN"!

3

And as the much lov'd Shore we near,
With transport we beheld the Roof;
Where dwelt a Friend or Partner dear,
Of Faith and Love a matchless proof.
The Lead once more the Seaman flung,
And to the watchful Pilot sung,
"QUARTER LESS FIVE"!

The tint on the cheek of my love

Written by the

Honble C. J. CARY,

the Music by

Mr. Thos. CARTER.

Pr. 1s.

LONDON

Printed by Lewis, Houston & Hyde, No. 45, Holborn.

Andantino

p

f

No

hue of the Rose can com - pare With the tint on the Cheek of my Love No

hue of the Rose can com - pare With the tint on the Cheek of my Love With the

tint on the Cheek of my Love.

Her breath is a perfume so rare That its fragrance it cannot im - prove That its

fragrance it can - not im - prove Her breath is a perfume so rare That its

fragrance it cannot im - prove its fragrance it can - not im - prove, That its

fragrance it cannot im - prove its fragrance it can - - not im - prove.

2

Those Portals of Pearl that give grace,
To Lips, which her mouth so adorn;
Add lustre to that Angels face,
Which rivals the Goddefs of morn.

For the Flute

Andantino

No hue of the Rose can com - pare With the tint on the Cheek of my

Love No hue of the Rose can com - pare With the tint on the Cheek of my

Love With the tint on the Cheek of my Love. *f*

Her breath is a perfume so rare That its fragrance it

can - not im - prove That its fragrance it can - not im - prove Her breath is a

perfume so rare That its fragrance it can - not im - prove its fragrance it

can - not im - prove That its fragrance it can - not im - - prove its fragrance it

can - - not im - - prove.

f

2

Those Portals of Pearl that give grace,
To Lips, which her mouth so adorn;
Add lustre to that Angels face,
Which rivals the Goddefs of morn.

The Soldiers Funeral,

written and composed by

Mr. DIBDIN,

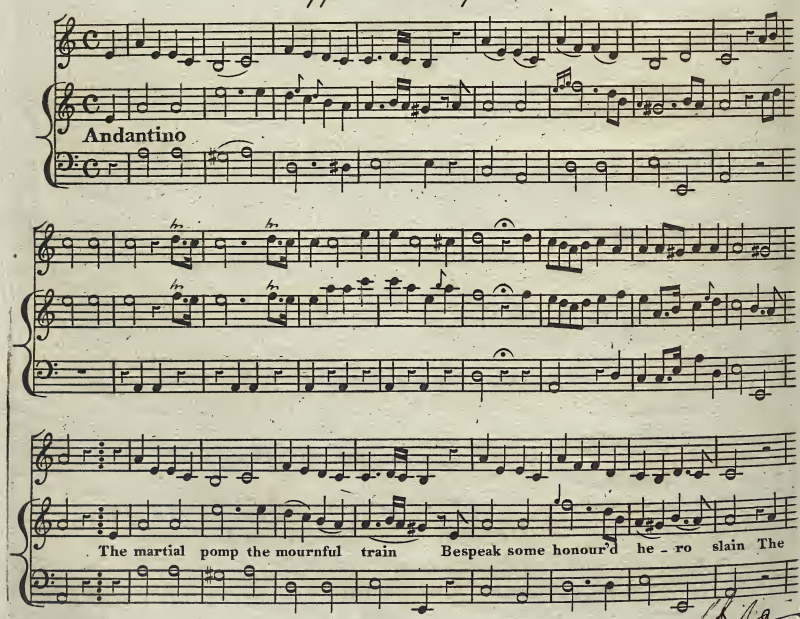
and Sung by him in his

in his new Entertainment called

***CASTLES* in the *AIR*.**

Pr. 1s.

London: Printed & Sold by the Author, at his Music Warehouse, 411, Strand, opposite the Adelphi



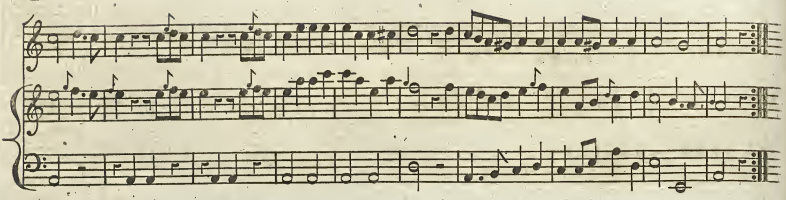
ob - sequies de - note him brave Hark the volley o'er his grave The awful knell sounds

low and lorn Yet ceace ye kindred brave to mourn The plaintive fife

And muffled drum The man may summon to his silent home The Soldier

lives his deeds to trace Be - hold the Seraph glory place Be - hold the Seraph glory

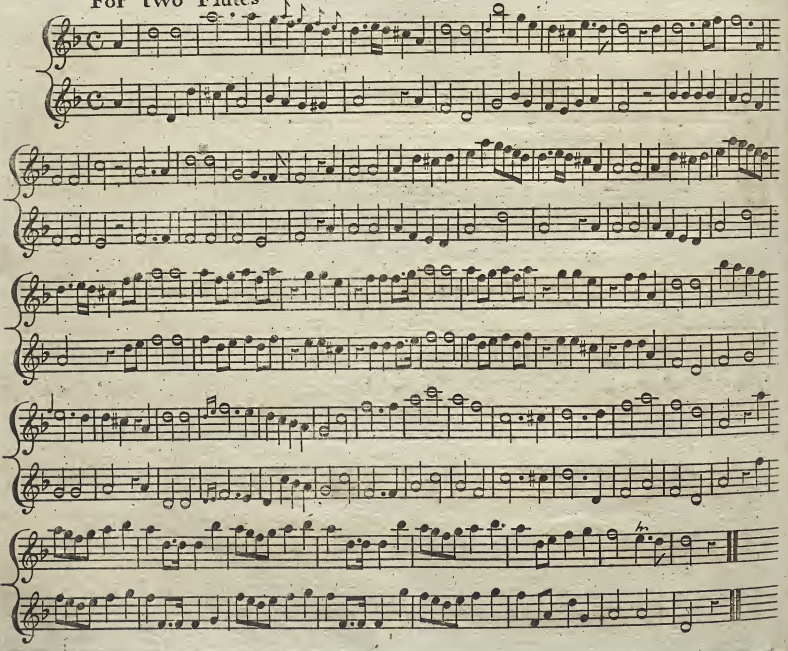
place An ever living lawrel An ever living lawrel round his sacred tomb.



2

Nor deem it hard ye thoughtlefs gay,
Short's man's longest earthly stay,
Our little hour of life we try
And then depart we're born to die.
Then lose no moment dear to fame,
They longest live who live in name.
The plaintive fife &c.

For two Flutes



The Tear of Sensibility,

Written and composed by

Mr. Dibdin,

and sung by him in his

new Entertainment called

CASTLES *IN THE* AIR. *Pr. 1s*

London Printed & Sold by the Author, at his Music Warehouse, N.o 411, Strand, opposite the Adelphi.

Pianifs?

Andantino

When to man the dis_tinguish_ing form And the nature of angels were given His

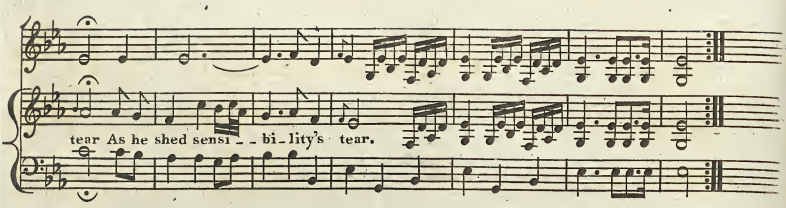
mind was imbued with a charm imbued with a charm imbued with a charm That mark'd him the

fav'rite of heav'n That mark'd him the fav'rite of heav'n 'Twas fmiling be - nigni - ty's

grace. 'Twas fmiling be - nignity's grace to the warm throbbing bofom so dear That ce - lestially

ce - lestially ce - lestially beam'd in his face As he shed sensi - bi - lity's tear Ce -

- lestially beam'd in his face ce - les - tially beam'd in his face As he shed sensi - bi - lity's

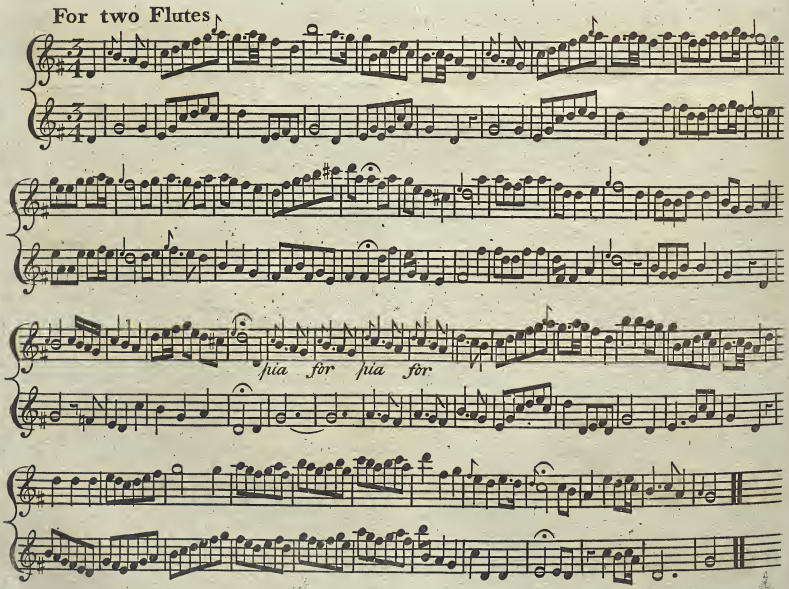


2

Ye who nature have learnt to subdue,
Who your hearts 'gainst compafsion can steal,
Who know not the joys of the few
Who are happy because they can feel:

In luxury and ease as you roll,
Learn that blifs to the bosom so dear,
'Tis the luxury, supreme, of the soul
To indulge sensibility's tear.

For two Flutes



ROUNDELAY in the Comedy of DISSIPATION

Sung by Miſs Field and Miſs Wright ___ Composed by Mr. Linley.

Vivace

p. f.

Smiling Love to thee belong feſtive Mirth and rural Song

feſtive Mirth and rural Song feſtive Mirth and rural Song feſtive Mirth and

ru - - - ral Song.

p.

Chorus

Trebles

Come ye youthful come ye gay haſte and join our Roundelay our Roundelay our Roundelay

Tenors

Come ye youthful come ye gay haſte and join our Roundelay our Roundelay - - - -

Baſses

Come ye youthful come ye gay haſte and join our Roundelay - - - - - - - -

Baſsi

haſte and join our Roundelay our Roundelay our Roundelay - - - - our Roundelay - -

haſte and join our Roundelay our Roundelay our Roundelay - - - - our Roundelay - -

haſte and join our Rounde-lay - - - - - - - - - our Roundelay our Roundelay - -

haſte and join our Roundelay.

haſte and join our Roundelay.

haſte and join our Roundelay.

Shepherds ſighs in former years oft were melted into tears oft were melted

into tears into tears into tears now in Britains happier Iſle

ev'ry ſigh ſhall yield a ſmile. ev'ry ſigh ſhall yield a ſmile. al Segno

Sullen ſorrow fierce diſdain now no more af--flict the Swain

now no more af--flict the Swain Cupids kind and friendly dart

ſeldom fail to wound the heart. ſeldom fail to wound the heart. al Segno

T
S. A. P.

STAY SILVER MOON.

a favorite RONDO Sung in the NOBILITY'S CONCERTS,

by Mr. HARRISON. Composed by Mr. DANBY.

London Printed by I. Bland at his Music Warehouse No. 45. Holborn.

No. 13. Pr. 1/.

Where may be had by this Composer, 12 Songs, each 6d. Harmonized Songs, each 6d. first Book of Glees, 10s. 6d. – Glees, When Sappho tun'd, – Awake Æolian Lyre, – Fair Flora decks, each 1s. the Mulberry Shade 6d.

Enter'd at Stationers Hall.

Traversi

Violini

Viola

Cembalo

Larghetto

p f p f p f

6 7 5 7 6 7 6 4

hr dim:

Stay ſilver Moon nor haſten down the ſkies ſtay ſilver Moon ſtay nor haſten down the

ſkies I ſeek the bow'r I ſeek the bow'r where lovely Chloe lies I ſeek the bow'r I

ſeek the bow'r where lovely Chloe lies I ſeek the bow'r I ſeek the bow'r where lovely Chloe

dim:

dim:

Larghetto

lies dim: No midnight felon asks thy trembling ray to

dim: Fine

light his footsteps to the desprate prey no murd'rer lurking for his hated

foe asks thy pale light to guide the vengeful blow to guide the vengeful blow

The breaſt with love poſſeſt no furies move. no vio_lence arms the gentle hand of

cres: f p

cres: f p

cres: f p

love I meditate no theft the willing fair ſhall yield her beauties to my well fraught

pray'r the wil_ling fair ſhall yeild her beauties to my well fraught pray'r. D.C.

T.S.

THE FAREWELL

A NEW SONG

Composed by

Sig^{r} SAMPIERI

Printed for the Author N° 73 Hay market

Andante
Amoroso

fF fF fF P

Ah

Be . . . . . lia . . fee . . . . . the fa . . . . . tal . hour . . . fare . . . . .

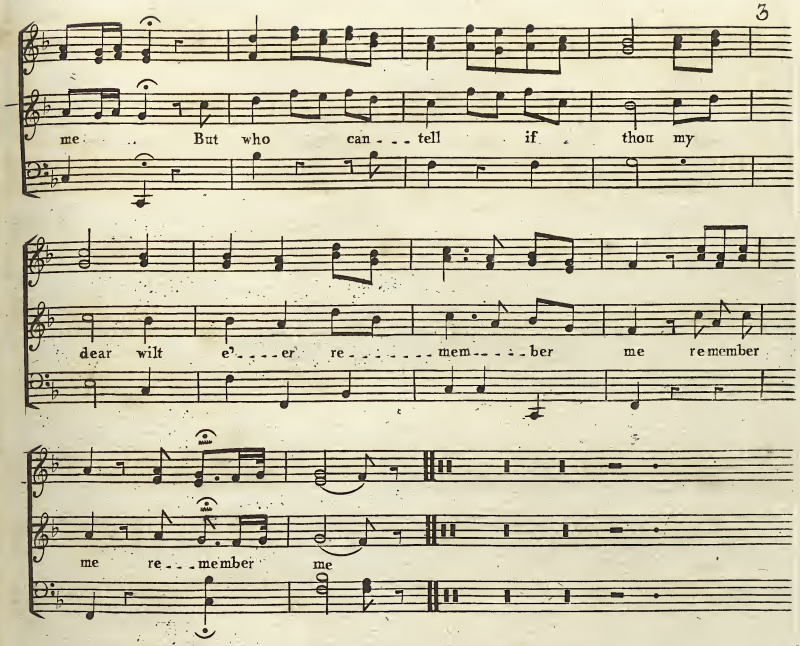
well my foul's de---light -- But how-- ſhall wretched Da---- mon

live thus ba---niſh'd from thy ſight Thus ba---niſh'd

from -- thy ſight

To my fond heart no Rival joy ſusp-pliesthe loſs of thee But

who can-- tel if thou my dear wilt e'er re---- member----



2

Oft I'll review the ſmiling Scene
Each favourite Brook and Tree
Where gavly paſsed the happy hours
Thoſe Hours I paſt with Thee
What painful fond Memorials rife
From every place I ſee
But who can tell if thou my dear
Wilt e'er remember me.

3

Think Delia with how deep a Wound
The ſweetly painful Dart
Which thy Remembrance leaves behind
Has pierced a hopeleſs Heart
Think on this fatal ſad Adieu
That ſevers me from thee
Think ah who knows if thou my Love
Wilt e'er remember me.

THE LITTLE MOUSE

a favorite Song

Sung by Maſter Symmonds

in the

Pantomime of Aladin Compoſed by W. Shield

London, Printed, for G. Goulding, Haydn's Head, James Street, Covent Garden.

Moderato

Flutes

Horns

The Li - on from a dreadful end was by a mouſe ſet

Flutes

free, The Li - on thou my gen'rous friend the little mouſe

Flutes

the lit - tle mouſe the little little little mouſe is me.

Horns

Un - - to the poor ſtill ſhew thy love To day is

Flute

theirs to mourn. They may to morrow grateful prove and good for good

Flutes

and good for good they may to morrow good for good re - - turn.

Horns

The Li - - on thou my gen'rous friend

the lit - tle mouſe the lit - tle mouſe the lit - tle lit - tle lit - tle

Flutes

mouſe is me.

Horns

CHARMING CLORINDA;

A favorite Ballad, *Composed by* Mr. Shield
& Sung by Mr. Bowden, *in the Opera of* Robin Hood.

London, Printed & Sold by J. Bland, at his Music Warehouse N°. 45 Holborn.
Price 1s.
Enter'd at Stationers Hall.

Viol: 1mo
Viol: 2do
Viola
Flutes
Voice
Baſſo

Piz:
col arco
Affettuoſo
Pia
Piz.
Piano Forte
Charming Clo__rin da ev__ry note you breathe the ſe woods a_
Piz

For

For

Bassoons

For

Cres

_ _ mong shall move my grateful tongue swelling my ardent throat Homage devout to pay

For

Pia

sforz sforz

Pia

sforz sforz

Pia

sforz sforz

sforz sforz

Pia

Love harmonize the lay and sooth her with the song.

Pia espresso

2

Should she, bewilder'd, chance to stray,
Ye songsters, near your grove,
To her your notes belong;
My soul its sense shall prove,
My voice its powers diplay,
Love harmonize the lay,
And sooth her with the song.

When o'er the deep Abyss,

adapted to the Air sung by Sig.r Morrelli,

at the Kings Theatre, Pantheon,

in the Comic Opera of La Locanda,

composed by

SIG.R PAESIELLO.

London, Printed for G. Goulding, No. 6, James Street, Covent Garden,

Price 6.d

When O'er the deep A-byss the Storms fierce

p

rage, En-creasing from a-far dread War does wage, The

dire Con-ten-ding E-lements pursue, The shatterd

Vessels, Dismal Rocks in View, The Thunders rattle The

Lightnings flash far O'er the darkend Ocean, While floods of Rain pour

down Amain, Mountaneous Waves in Mo - tion, De - termin'd up a -

- loft, the Bri - tish Sai - - lor goes, Where Stea - di - ly he

Works 'midst such tremendous Foes, The aw - ful sight far

round in dis - mal Views Ap - pears, Yet his Undaun - ted

Heart scorns black despair or fear, Yet his Un - daun - ted Heart scorns

black despair & fear, scorns black despair or fear.

Let us fuppose it the first of May

A Pastoral Ballad

Selected from the Compositions of

Mr. Dibdin

Price 6d.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Hay Market

Allegro

Let us fuppofe it the firft of May, and then that the Nymphs Two and two,

So neat fo trim and gay, with Garlands of various hue, Let us fuppofe it the

firft of May, and then that the Nymphs Two and Two, fo neat fo trim and gay, with

Garlands of various hue, In pro-cefsion advancing, to Minftrels dancing,

Lead of Youths a feftive Crew, Lead of Youths a feftive Crew: who at

reft from their Labours with Pipes and with Tabors, *for* with Pipes,

for *pia.*

and with Tabors, with Pipes, and with Tabors, to join in their Sports dance and play; to

join in their Sports dance and play; while the old ones appear to bring up the Rear finging merrily who but

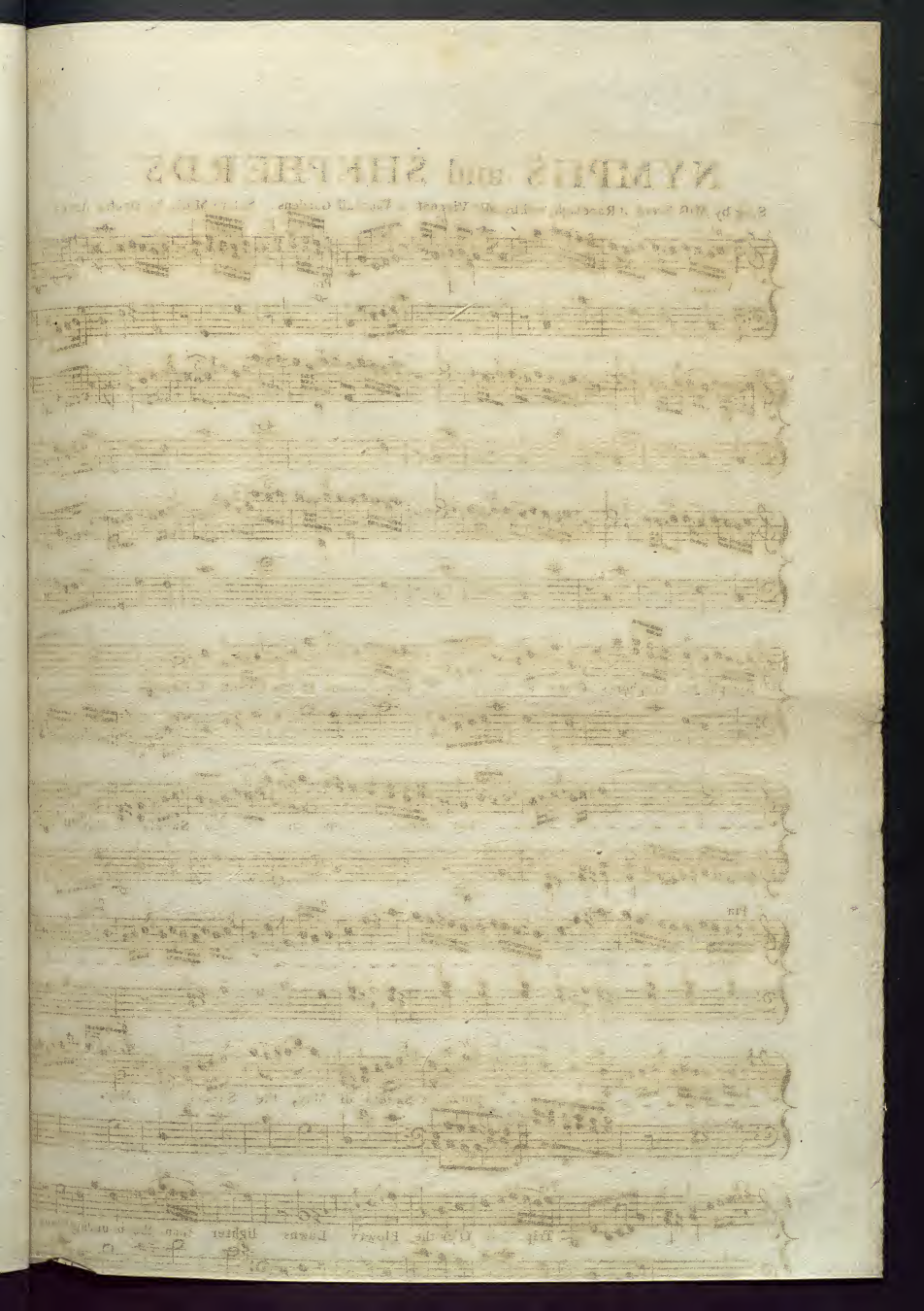
for *pia.*

they, finging merrily who but they, finging merrily merrily merrily merrily merrily who but

they finging merrily who but they, finging merrily merrily merrily merrily merrily who but

they, finging merrily who but they - - - - - finging merrily merrily who but they - -

- - - finging merrily merrily who but they.



NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS

Sung by Miſs Brent at Ranelagh, and by Mrs Vincent at Vauxhall Gardens. Set to Muſic by Doctor Arne.

Vivace

Pia

For

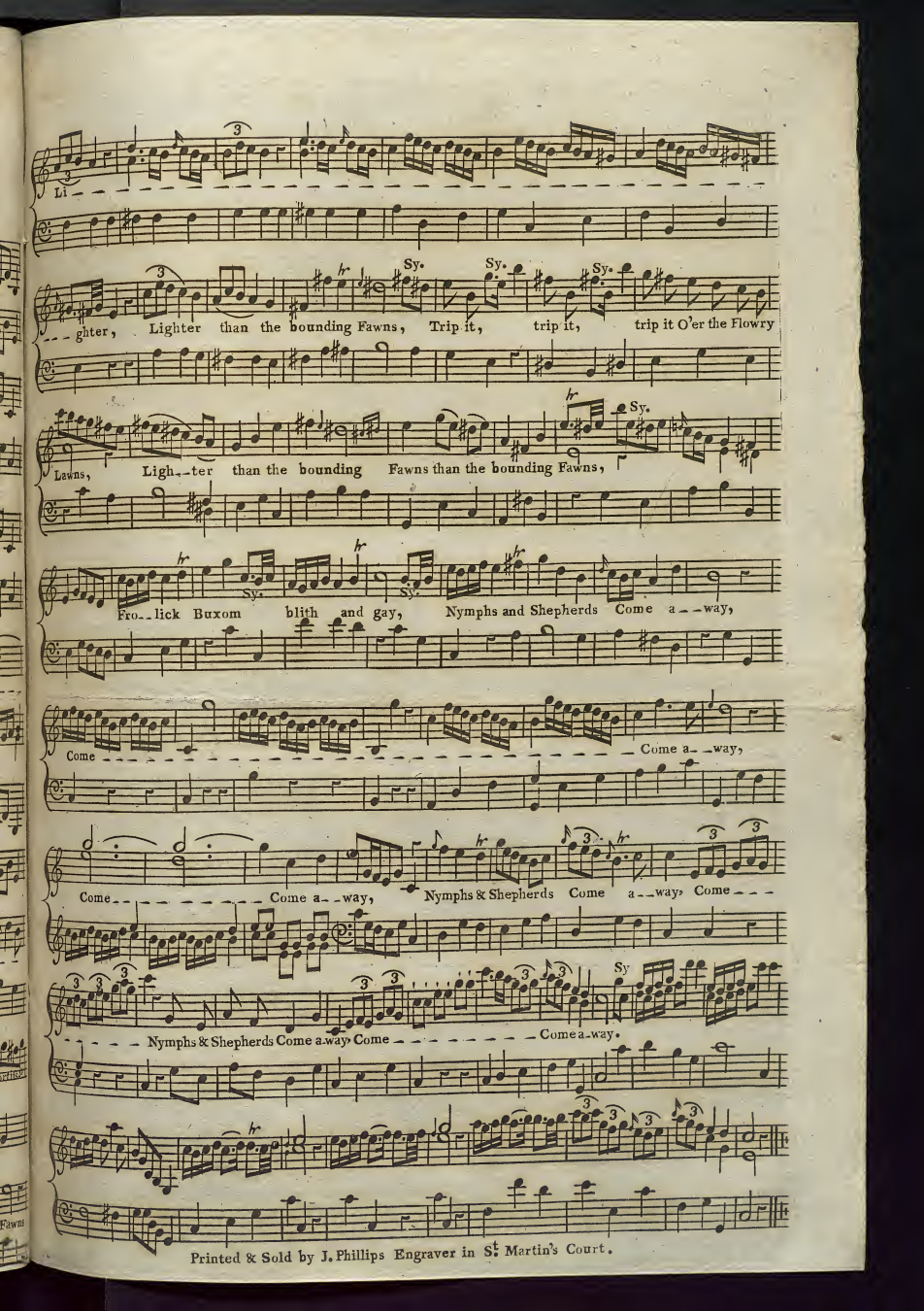
Nymphs and Shepherds Come a - way, Wan - - - ton in the Sweets of May, Wan - - -

- ton wan - - - - ton in the Sweets of May,

For

Pia

Wan - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -



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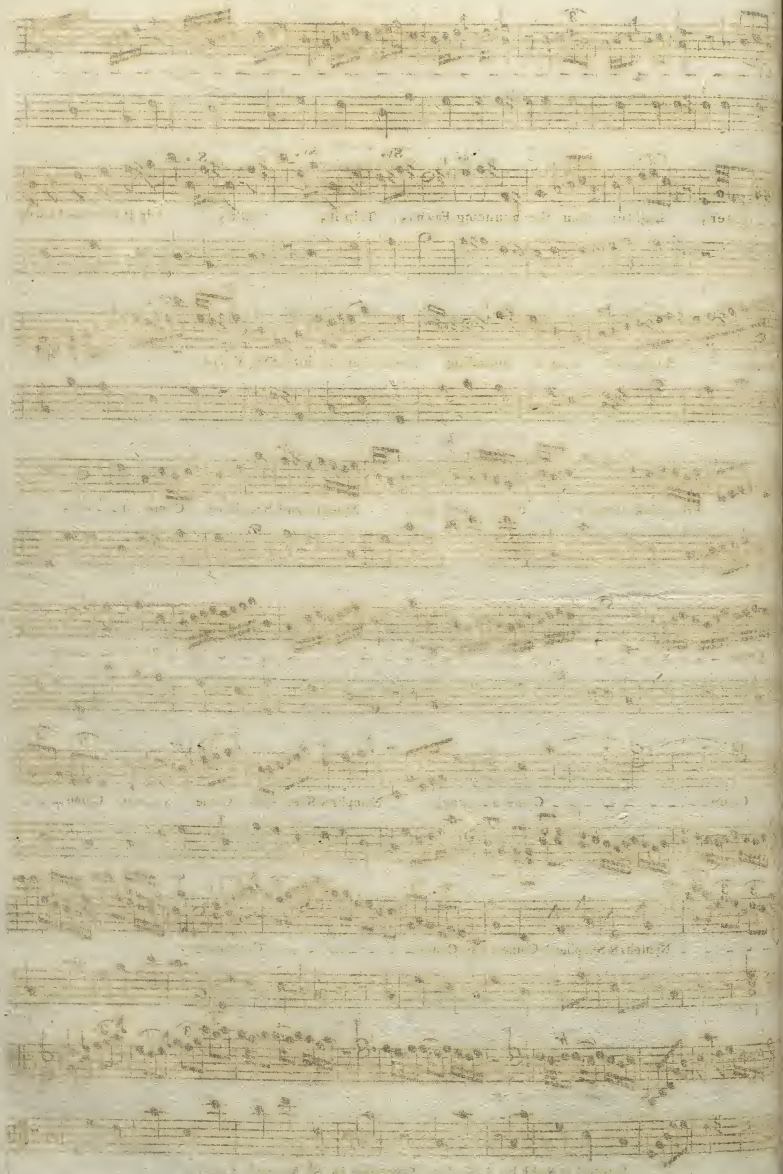


Ah weladay my poor heart

The favorite Song of the Page

Sung by Mrs Martyr in the new Comedy of The Follies of a Day.
Written by Mr Holcroft and Set to Music by W: Shield.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside. and No. 13 Hay Market. Price 1s.

Violino Secondo

Pizzicato

mezza Voce

f

Affettuoso

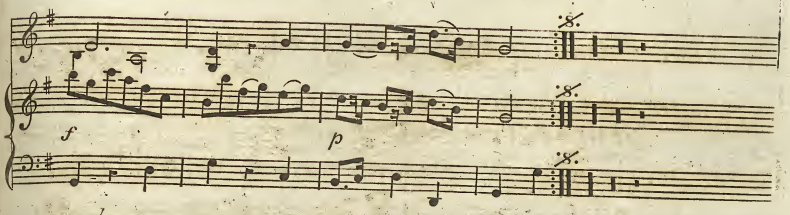
p

To the Winds to the Waves to the Woods I com-

Espressivo

-plain Ah wel a day my poor Heart they hear not my Sighs and they

heed not my pain Ah wel a day my poor heart Ah wel a day my poor heart



2

"The name of my Goddeſs I grave on each Tree
"Ah weladay my poor Heart
"'Tis I wound the Bark but Loves Arrows wound me
"Ah weladay my poor Heart

3

"The Heavens I view and their Azure bright Skies
"Ah weladay my poor Heart
"My Heavn exiſts in her ſtill brighter Eyes
"Ah weladay my poor Heart

4

To the Sun's morning Splendor the poor Indian bows
Ah weladay my poor Heart
But I dare not worſhip where I pay my Vows
Ah weladay my poor Heart

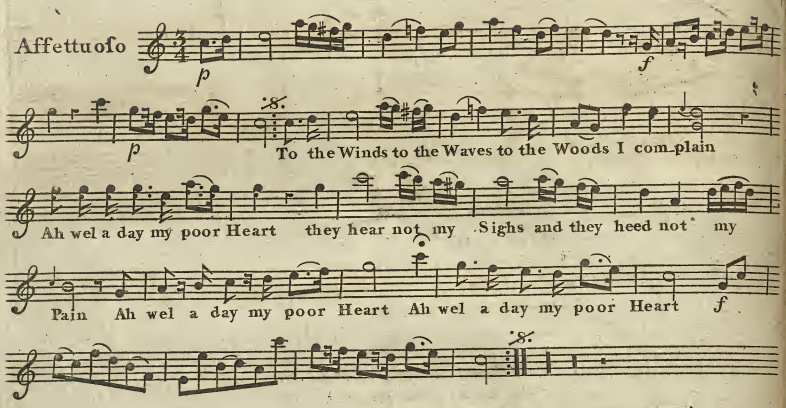
5

"His God each morn riſes and he can Adore
"Ah weladay my poor Heart
"But my Goddeſs to me muſt ſoon never riſe more
"Ah weladay my poor Heart

NB: The words between inverted Commas are omitted in the Repreſentation. ——

Juſt Pubiſhed, the Comic Opera of Fontainbleau, or Our way in France; Written by J: O'Keefe Eſq.r Selected and Compoſed by W: Shield. Price 10s. 6d
Moller's Progreſſive Leſſons for the Piano Forte, or Harpſichord. Price 10s. 6d
Organs, Harpſichords, Piano Fortes, Organized Piano Fortes, Guitars, Piano Forte-Guitars, &c: &c: Manufactured and Sold, by LONGMAN and BRODERIP. or Lent out on hire, Conveyed and Tuned, in Town or Country: on the ſhorteſt Notice, and if Purchaſed, and Paid for within eight Months; the Hire will be abated.

For the Guitar.



2

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4

To the Sun's morning Splendor the poor Indian bows
Ah weladay my poor Heart
But I dare not Worſhip where I pay my Vows
Ah weladay my poor Heart

5

"His God each Morn riſes and he can adore
"Ah weladay my poor Heart
"But my Goddeſs to me muſt ſoon never riſe more
"Ah weladay my poor Heart

The Rosy Fair.

A FAVOURITE SONG;

Sung by

Mr. ARROWSMITH, at the PANTHEON.

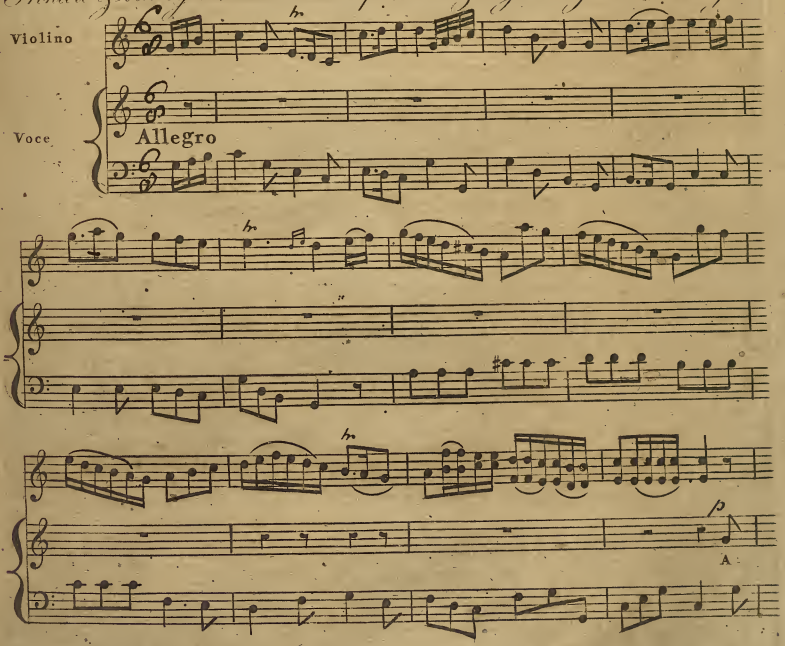
Composed by F. Remy.

The Words by Mr. T. Brown.

PR: 1s

LONDON:

Printed & sold by H. Holland, Bedford Row, & St. James Street, Piccadilly.



rife my Ro - - fy Nymph of May, and with your Co - lin Ear - - ly Stray, to

Corni Solo

tafte the Morning Air. The

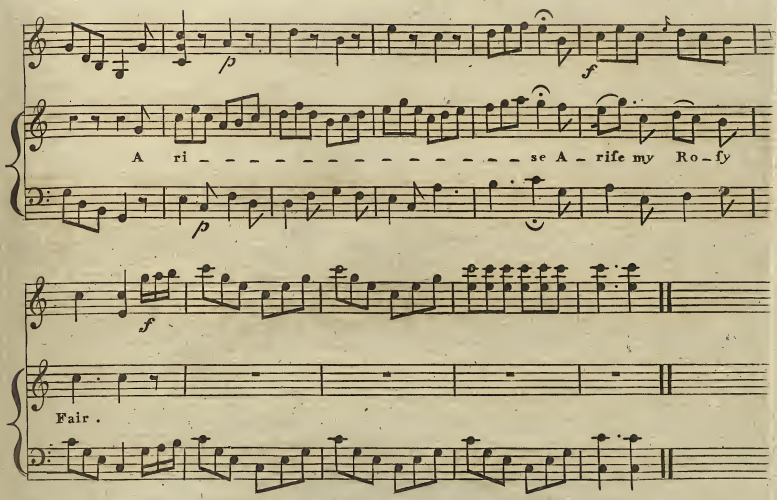
Lark his Tunefull Notes has fung to hail you with a Bri - dal Song then

f

f mo

Rife my Ro - - fy Fair

f mo



2

Twelve Moons there paſt this May day Morn,
Since you beneath the white blown thorn,
And vowd to me I ſwear.
That this ſame hour you'd kindly yeild,
By evry flowr that deckd the Field,
You vow'd my Roſy Fair.

3

No longer then ſuch bliſs deny,
But with your Colins ſuit Comply,
That he may ever wear.
Your gentle kind and wiſh'd for chain,
Which is to blind your Colins ſwain,
My charming Roſy Fair.

4

The Nymph then haſtned to her Love,
With Joy he led her to the Grove,
And fragrant was the Air.
The Linnets tunefull perch'd th' ſpray,
And warbled forth their dulcet lay,
To hail the Roſy Fair.

5

Then ſoon they joind the rural train,
In ſportive Dance they tript the plain,
To Hymens Temple where.
The Golden Chain connubial Band,
To Colins bound the lilly hand,
Of his ſweet Roſy Fair.

For the Guittar

Allegro

A

rife my Ro--fy Nymph of May, and with your Co_lin ear_ly Stray, to

Taste the Morning Air, Sy The

Lark his Wakeful Notes has rung to hail you with a Bridal Song then

Rife my Rofy Fair Sy

A Ri - se A--rife my Ro-fy

Fair. Sy

For the Ger: Flute

Allegro

Sy

So

Sy

THE MULBERRY TREE

Behold this fair Goblet twas Carv'd from the Tree which oh my fweet

SHAKESPEARE was Planted by thee as a Relick I kifs it and bow at thy Shrine what comes from thy

hand muft be ever Divine what comes from thy hand muft be ever Divine All fhall Yeild to the

m.f.

Andantino

Mulberry Tree All fhall Yeild to the Mulberry Tree Bend to thee blefs'd Mulberry

Bend to thee blefs'd Mulberry Matchlefs was he who Planted thee and thou like him Im-

-mortal fhall be and thou like him Immortal fhalt be.

(2)

Ye Trees of the Foreft fo rampant and high,
Who fpread round your branches whofe heads fweep the Sky
Ye curious Exotics whom Tafte has brought here,
To Root out the Natives at Prices fo dear,
All fhall Yeild to the Mulberry Tree &c.

(3)

The Oak is held Royal is Britan's great Boaft,
Preferv'd once our King and will always our coaft;
Of the Fir we make Ships there are thoufands that fight,
But One, only One, like our SHAKESPEARE can Write,
All fhall Yeild to the Mulberry Tree &c.

4.

Let Venus delight in her gay Myrtle Bow'rs,
Pomona in Fruit trees and Flora in Flowers;
The Garden of Shakespear all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of Flowers and the fairest of Fruit.

5.

With Learning & Knowledge the well letter'd Birch,
Supplies Law and Physick & Grace for the Church;
But Law and the Gospel in Shakespeare we find,
And he Gives the best Physick for Body & Mind.
All shall yeild &c

6.

The fame of the Patron gives fame to the Tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Give Phebus & Bacchus their Laurel & Vine,
The Tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.
All shall yeild &c

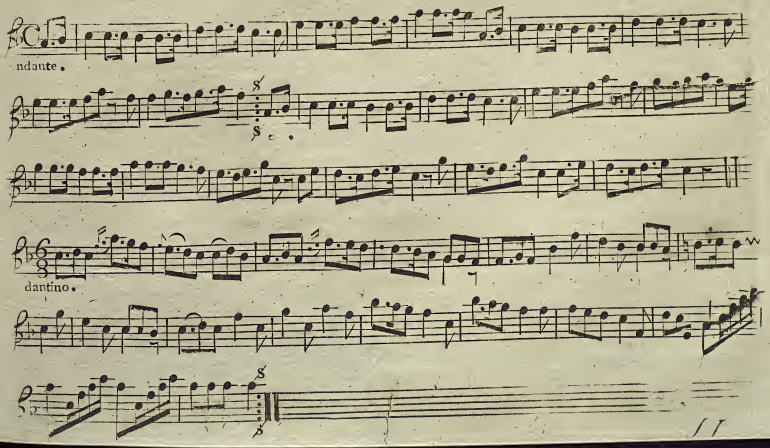
7.

As the Genius of Shespeare outshines the bright Day,
More rapture than Wine to the heart can convey;
So the Tree which he planted by making his own,
Has the LAUREL and BAYS and the Vine all in one.
All shall yield &c

8.

Then each take a sprick of this hallow'd Tree,
From Folly and Fashion a Charm let it be;
Fill to the planter the Cup to the brim,
To honour your Country do honour to him.
All shall yeild to the Mulberry Tree,
Lend to thee bless'd Mulberry,
Matchless was he who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shall be.

For the Guittar.



Soft Avon,

a favorite Ballad set to Music by John Moulds.

The Words by Junius

Price 6d.

London, Printed for G. Goulding, No. 6, James Street, Covent Garden, and No. 113, Bishopgate Street.

Largo
Andante

Soft A - - von,

Pia

where thy glassy Stream, in gentle murmurs, glides a - - - long; there let me

stray with Shep - herd Swains, and tune to Love my mor - ning Song, and

tune to Love my mor - ning Song:

and when the lenti' - - ning

f

p

Shades appear and close the peaceful Shep-herd's day ſtill let me rove thy

Flute

Banks a-long and ſtill let Love in-ſpire my Lay: ſtill let me rove thy

Banks a-long and ſtill let Love in-ſpire my Lay and ſtill let Love in-

-ſpire my Song.

Of Chloe's praises whilst I Sing,
Eccho ſhall ſtay my Song to hear,
And borne on Zephirs balmy Wing
Shall waft it to my Chloe's Ear;
Should ſhe but listen to my Song,
And pleas'd attend my humble Lay;
Thus would I ſpend my peaceful hours
And thus would trifle Life away

Guitar

Largo Andante

Soft A--von, where thy glaſsy Stream in gen-tle mur-murs glides a-

-long; there let me ſtray with Shepherd Swains, and tune to love my morn-ing

Song: and tune to love my morning Song; and when the length'ning Shades appear, and

close the peaceful Shepherd's day, ſtill let me rove thy Banks a--long, and

ſtill let Love in-ſpire my Lay, ſtill let me rove thy Banks a--long, and

ſtill let Love in-ſpire my Lay, and ſtill let Love in-ſpire my Song.

Old England's a Lion stretch'd out at his ease

a favorite Song Sung by Mr. DARLEY

in the Comic Opera of the

FARMER

Composed by

Mr. SHIELD.

Enter'd at Stationers Hall. Pr. 6d.

LONDON. Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Hay Market. Music Sellers and musical Instrument makers to, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Where Musical Instruments in general are manufactured and Sold Retail, Wholesale, and for Exportation, on very advantageous Terms. Likewise Engrave, Print, Import, and Sell every musical Publication of this Country, and every other part of Europe. NB. Organs, Harps, Harpsichords, Piano-Fortes &c. lent out, conveyed, and tuned, in Town, and Country on the shortest Notice. &c. &c. &c.

Pomposo — Clars — tutti for — Old — Bassoon

Clars

Englands a Lion stretch'd out at his ease A Sailor his keep - - er his couch the green Seas old

Horns

Clars — for — fr

Englands a Lion stretch'd out at his Ease A Sailor his keep - - er his couch the green Seas.

Violins

for

ſhould a Monkey dare to chatter or a Tyger claw they

for

for

for

expreſs.

tremble at his roar - - - - - - - - - - - they tremble at his roar as he lifts his paw I

for

FF.

fia:

for

love a neighbour's friendſhip but he turnd foe pre- pare to recieve him with blow for blow.

FF.

pre-pare to recieve him with blow for blow.

cres

prepare prepare pre-

for

for

- - - pare - - - - prepare - - - - - - - - - - - - - - prepare to recieve him with blow for blow with

for

for

FF

blow for blow with blow for blow.

FF

Guitar.

Old Englands a Lion ſtretch'd out at his eaſe A Sailor his keeper his couch the green Seas Old

Englands a Lion ſtretch'd out at his eaſe A Sailor his keep - er his couch the green Seas. Should a

Monkey dare to chatter or a Tyger claw they tremble at his roar - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - they

tremble at his roar as he lifts his paw I love a neighbours friendſhip but he turn'd foe pre -

- pare to recieve him with blow for blow: prepare to recieve him with blow for blow prepare prepare prepare pre-

- pare - prepare to recieve him with blow for blow with blow for blow with

blow for blow.

Ger: Flute

So

Sy

THOSE TREASURES ALADIN

a favorite Rondeau

Sung by Mrs. Martyr,

in the Pantomime of Aladin.

Composed by W. Shield.

Price 6d.

London, Printed for G. Goulding, No. 6, James Street, Covent Garden, & No. 113, Bishopsgate Street.

Rondeau

Semplice

Those treasures Al_a_din be___hold those silver

streams from fount of gold That play in a_roma_tic show'rs with

Basoons

sweets refreshing sweetest bow'rs With sweets refreshing sweetest

bow'rs Tho' brighter than the beaming star A virtuous

act is brighter far

Yon lucid gems that hang thofe

Flute

glit'ring walls the amber pil_lar on its chrystal bafe the ru_by goblet

adamantine vafe and all the dazzling fplendor of thefe halls Tho' brighter

than the beaming ftar A virtuous act is brighter far - - a

vir - - - tuous act is brighter far - - - - - a virtuous act is brighter

far.

The wayward tongue fond Love repelling

a favorite Song Sung by Mr. PALMER

in the Comic Opera of the

CHOLERIC FATHERS

Composed by

Mr. SHIELD.

Enter'd at Stationers Hall. Pr. 1s.

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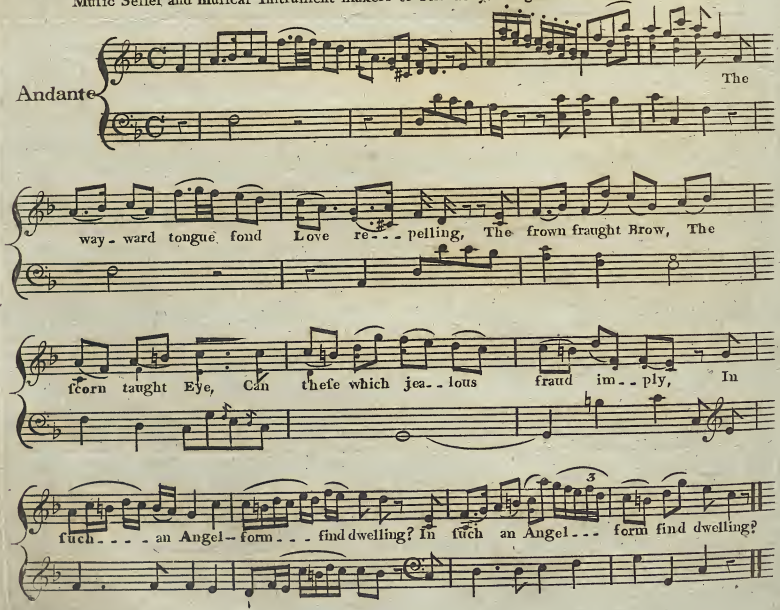
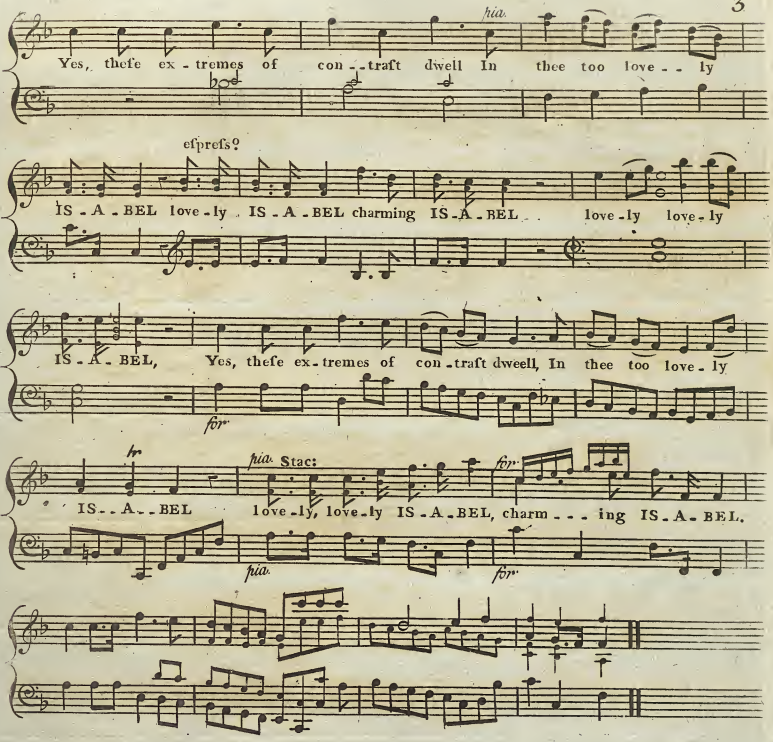
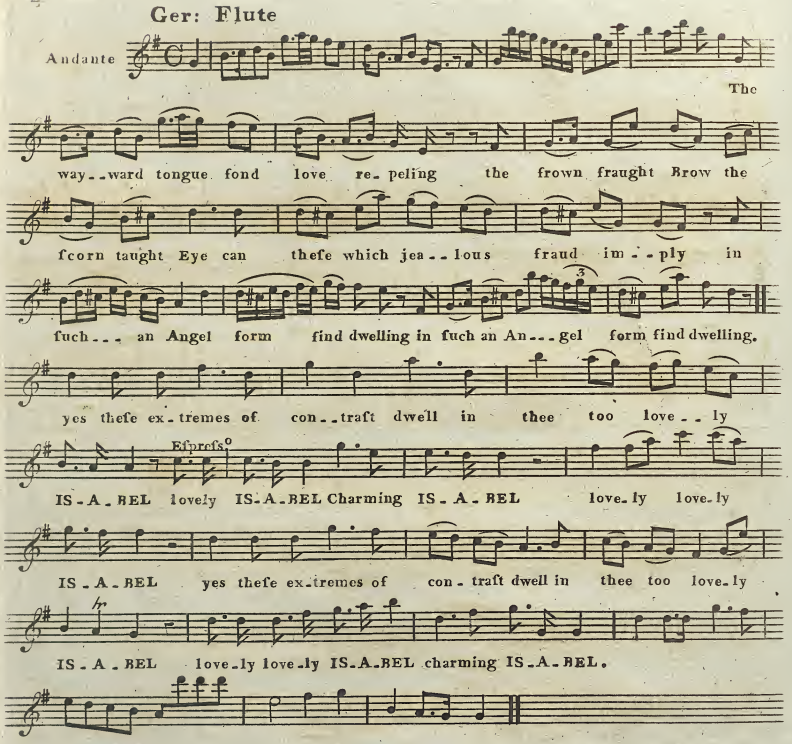




2

Can Taunts, and Scoffs, and wild Caprices
Sul - ly thofe Lips by Venus given,
The Lovers fancied hope'd for Heav'n,
Of Seets and Smiles and Balmy kifses,
Yes, fuch extreames of contraft dwell
In thee too lovely ISABEL.



2

Can Taunts, and Scoffs, and wild Caprices
Sul-ly thofe Lips by Venus given,
The Lovers fancied hope'd for Heav'n,
Of Sweets and Smiles and Balmy kiffes,
Yes, fuch extremes of contraft dwell
In thee too lovely IS-A-BEL.

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL,

written & composed

by

Mr. Dibdin,

and Sung by him

in his New Entertainment

called

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Pr. 1s.

London. Printed & Sold by the Author, at his Music Warehouse
Leicester Place, Leicester Square.

Allegretto

Would'ſt know my lad why every tar finds with his laſs ſuch cheer Tis

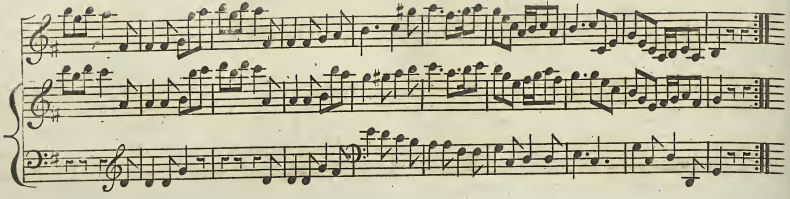
all because he no_bly goes And braves each boisterous gale That blows to fetch from climates

near and far Her mefses and her geer For this a_round the world fails Jack While

love his bofom warms while love his bofom warms For this around the world fails Jack While

love his bofom warms For this when fafe and found come back For

this when fafe and found come back Poll takes him to her arms Poll takes him to her arms



2

Ere Poll can make the Kettle boil
For breakfaſt, out at ſea,
Two Voyages long her Jack muſt ſail,
Encountering many a boiſterous gale,
For the Sugar to ſome weſtern Iſle,
To China for the tea.

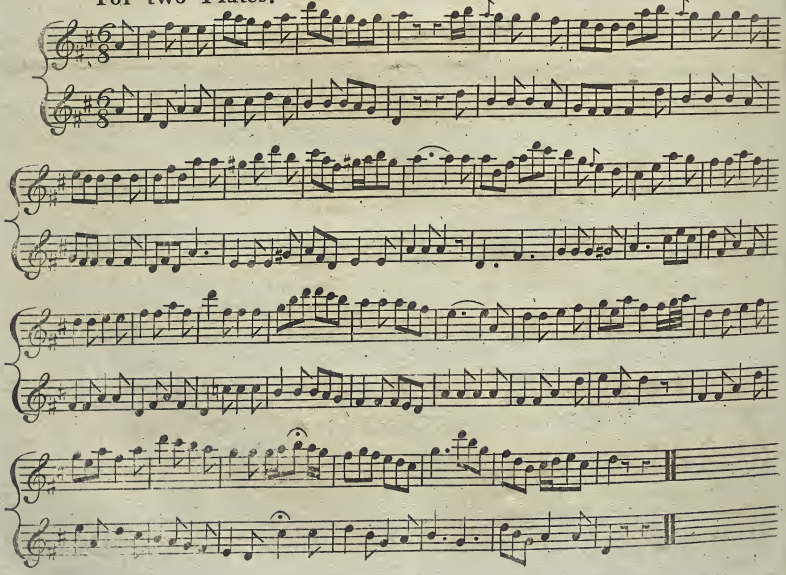
To pleaſe her taſte, thus, faithful Jack
Braves dangers and alarms,
While grateful, ſafe and ſound come back,
Poll takes him to her arms.

3

Morrocco shoes her Jack provides
To see her lightly tread,
Her petticoat of orient hue,
And ſnow white gown in India grew;
Her boſom barcelona hides,
Leghorn adorns her head.

Thus round the world ſails faithful Jack
To deck his fair one's charms,
Thus grateful, ſafe and ſound come back,
Poll takes him to her arms.

For two Flutes.



THE

EFFUSIONS OF ABSENCE.

Composed by Mr. M.P. KING.

The Words by Mr. CHANDLER.

LONDON:

Price 6d.

Printed for Harrison and Co. No. 18. Paternoster Row.

Andante

In vain do i_dle Vi_lets blow Or Cowflips gild the fi_ _ _ lent Dale Or Cowflips gild the fi_lent Dale Or Li_lies e_ _ mu_ _ late the Snow, And fling their Fragrance thro' the Vale, And fling their Fragrance thro' the Vale,

✳ SONG 18

Till Hen - ry to my longing Arms with e - qual Love re -

- turns a - - gain with e-qual Love re - turns a - gain

Not Spring with all his ro - - - fy charms Can eafe my Bo - fom

of its Pain, Can eafe my Bo - fom of its Pain, Not Spring with all his ro - fy charms, Can

eafe my Bo - - - fom of its Pain, Can eafe my Bo - fom of its Pain

2

When by the murmring Brook I ftray,
Or rove at Eve the Woodlands o'er;
The fighing Zephyrs feem to fay,
Will Henry blefs thefe Scenes no more:
Hafte to thy much lov'd Groves again;
Return, and all my fears remove:
Hafte, Henry, and renew the reign
Of Peace, of Harmony, and Love.

CELADON.

Composed by Mr. BATTISHILL.

The Words by the late Mr. Robert Lloyd.

LONDON:

Price 6d.

Printed for Harrison and Co. No. 18. Paternoster Row.

Violins

Affettuoso

Harpd. and Voice

Tho' his Passion in

silence the Youth would conceal, What his Tongue dare not utter, his Eyes still reveal, What his

*Song 20.

Tongue dare not ut_ter, his Eyes ſtill re_veal,

And by

Pianiſ.

ſoft ſtolen Glances un_willingly prove, That they are the telltales of Cel_adon's Love - - -

they are the telltales of Cel_adon's Love, By ſoft ſtolen Glances un_willingly prove, That

they are the telltales of Cel_adon's Love.

2.

To the Green, to the Grove, to the Dance, to the Fair,
Wherever I go, the dear Shepherd is there;
I know the fond Youth, by his Bluſh, by his Smile,
And, ſurely, ſuch Looks were not made to beguile!

3.

Tho' indifferent the Subject, whatever it prove,
He inſenſibly turns the Diſcourſe upon Love;
If he talks to another, with Pleaſure I ſee,
Tho' his words are to her, yet his Looks are on Me.

4.

When he ſpeaks, if alone, I am ever in Fear,
He ſhould ſay what I dread, and yet wiſh moſt to hear;
Should he mention his Love, (tho' my Pride would deny,)
My Heart whiſpers "Celia, fond Celia! comply."

THE

LOVER'S RHAPSODY.

Composed by Mr BATTISHILL.

The Words by the late Aaron Hill, Esqr.

LONDON

Printed for Harrison and Co. No 18. Paternoster Row.

Price 6d

Horns, Sempre Piano

Legata e Pia

Violins Largo

Voice and Harpsichord

Softenuto

Basso, Largo

Legata

Oh! for bear to bid me flight her, Soul and

Pianis

SONG 20.

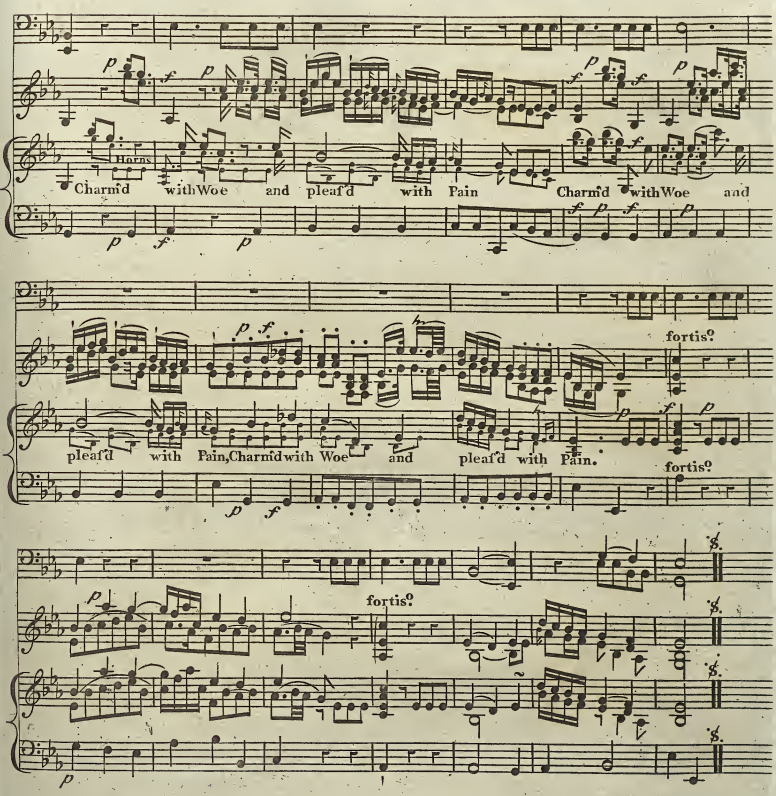
Sen-ses take her part, Could my Death it self de-light her,

Pianiss.

Life would leap to leave my Heart, Life would leap to leave my

Heart, Strong, tho' soft a Lov-er's Chain, Charm'd with

Woe and pleas'd with Pain, Charm'd with Woe and pleas'd with Pain



2.

Tho' the Tender Flame were dying,
Love would light it at her Eyes;
Or, her tuneful Voice applying,
Thro' my Ear, my Soul surprize.
Deaf, I see the Fate I shun;
Blind, I hear, and am undone.

CAPTAIN WATTLE and MISS ROE,

written & composed

By

Mr. Dibdin,

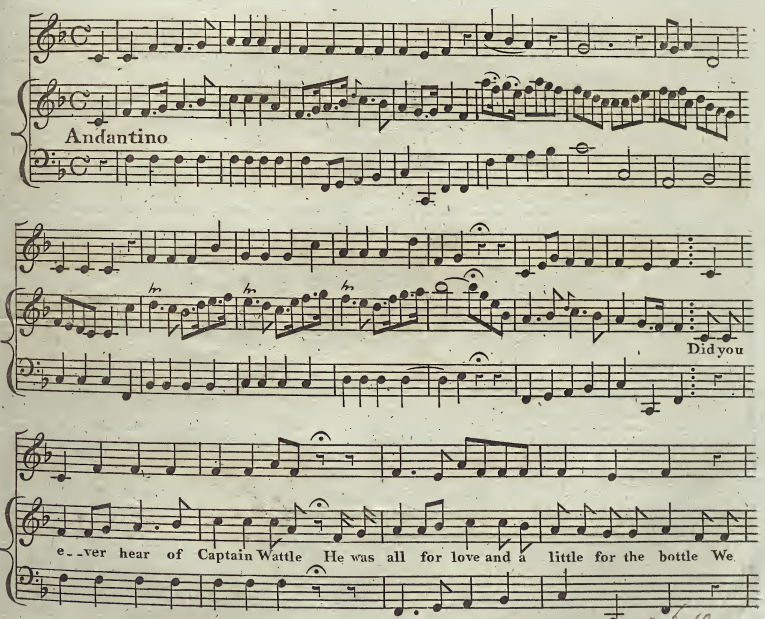
and Sung by him in his

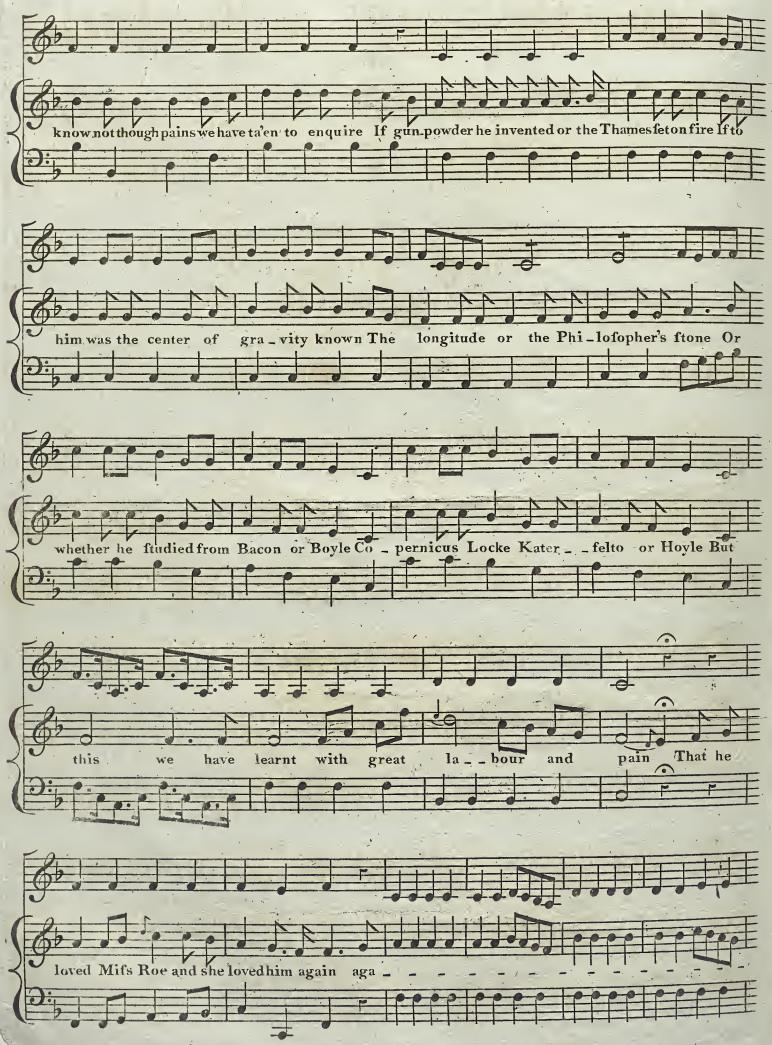
new Entertainment called

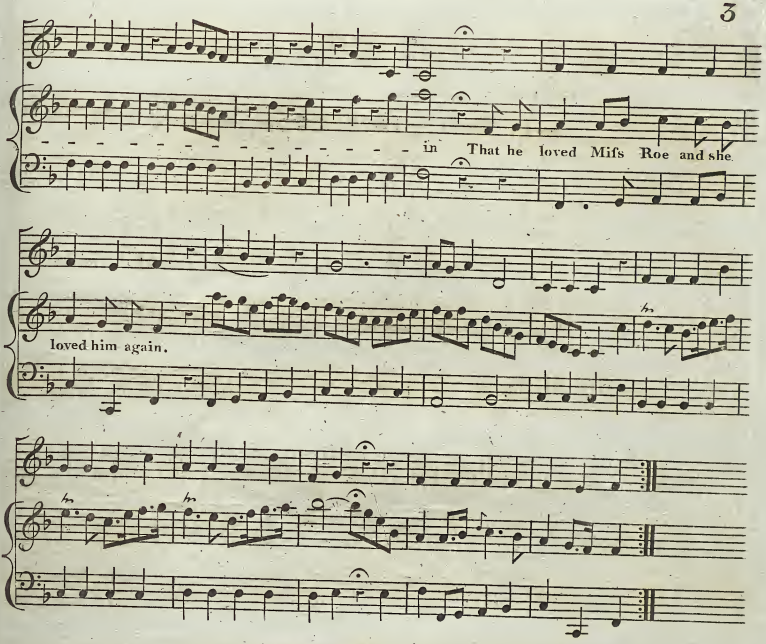
THE SPHINX.

Pr 1s.

London, Printed & Sold by the Author, at his Music Warehouse, Leicester Place, Leicester Square.




know not though pains we have ta'en to enquire If gun powder he invented or the Thames fet on fire If to
him was the center of gra _ vity known The longitude or the Phi _ lofopher's ftone Or
whether he ftudied from Bacon or Boyle Co _ pernicus Locke Kater _ _ felto or Hoyle But
this we have learnt with great la _ _ bour and pain That he
loved Mifs Roe and she loved him again aga _ _ _



2.

Than ſweet Miſs Roe none e'er looked fiercer,
She had but one eye, but that was a piercer.

We know not, for certainty, her education,
If she wrote, mended ſtockings, or ſettled the nation;
At cards if she liked whiſt and ſwabbers or voles,
Or at dinner loved pig or a ſteak on the coals,
Whether moſt of the Soppho she was or Thaleſtris,
Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins or Veſtris;

But, for your ſatisfaction, this good news we obtain,
That she loved Captain Wattle and he loved her again.

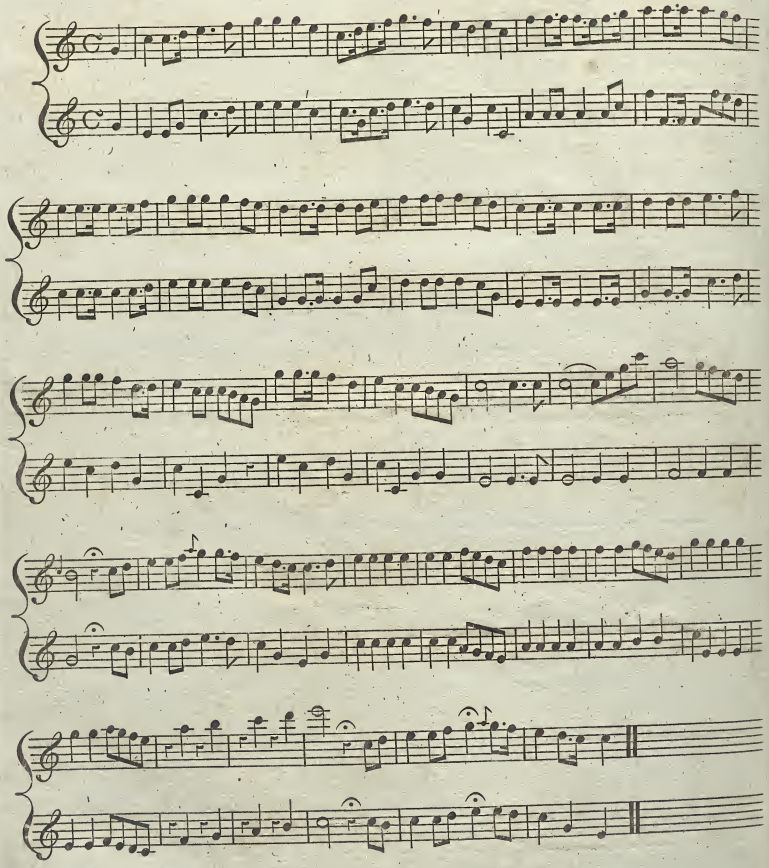
3.

When wedded he became lord and maſter depend on't;
He had but one leg but he'd a foot at the end on't,

Which, of government when she would fain hold the bridle,
He took ſpecial caution should never lie Idle;
So, like moſt married folks, 'twas my plague, and my chicken,
And ſometimes a kiſsing, and ſometimes a kicking;
Then for comfort a cordial she'd now and then try,
Alternately bunging or piping her eye:

And theſe facts of this couple the hiſtory contain;
For when he kick'd Miſs Roe, she kick'd him again.

TWO FLUTES.



SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA

written and composed

by

Mr. DIBDIN

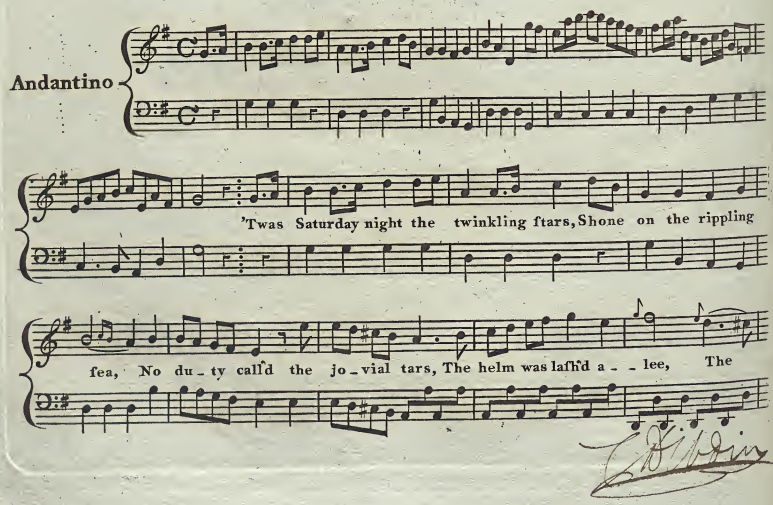
for his entertainment

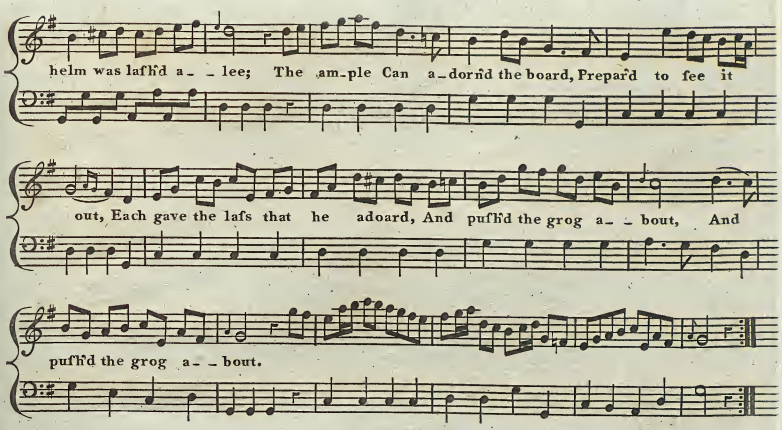
called

THE ODDITIES

London Printed & Sold by the Author at his Music Warehouse No 411. Strand opposite the Adelphi.

Pr. 1s.





2

Cried honeſt Tom my Peg I'll toaſt,
A Frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portſmouth's favorite boaſt,
I'd venture life and limb.
Sail ſeven long years and ne'er ſee land,
With dauntleſs heart and ſtout,
So tight a veſsel to command,
Then puſh the grog about.

3

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comely ſtate,
Top gan'tſails ſet ſhe is ſo tall,
She looks like a firſt rate;
Ah! would ſhe take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better birth I'd wiſh to know,
Then puſh the grog about.

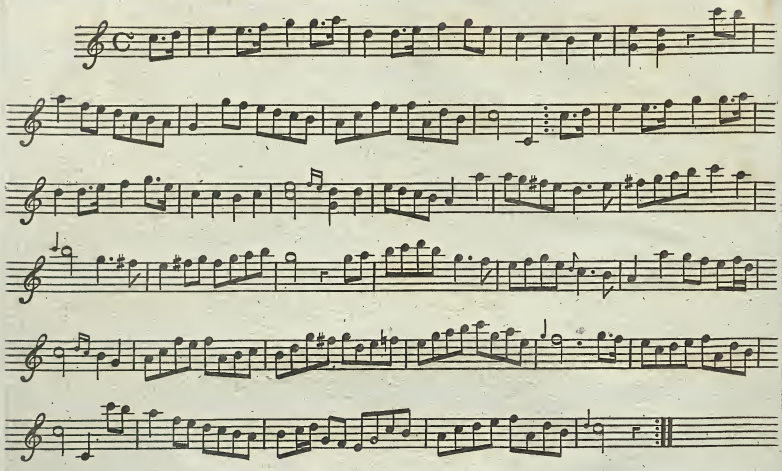
4

I'll give cried I my charming Nan,
Trim handſome neat and tight,
What joy ſo fine as ſhip to man,
Oh! ſhe's my heart's delight:
So well ſhe bears the ſtorms of life,
I'd ſail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for ſuch a wife,
Then puſh the grog about.

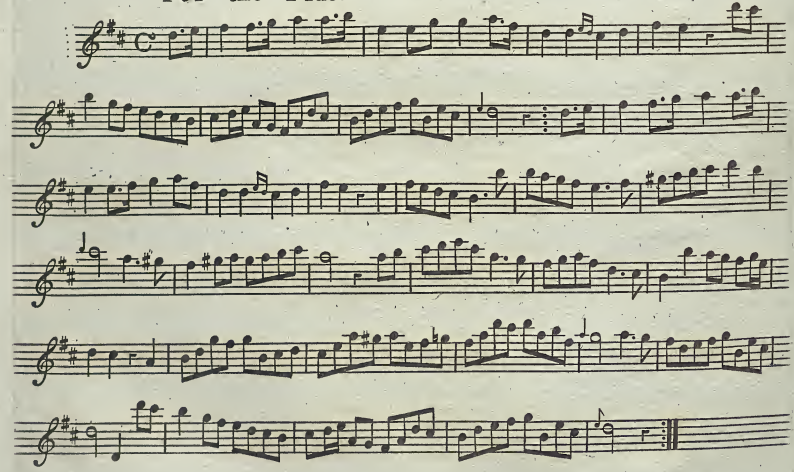
5

Thus to deſcribe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his beſt manner tried,
'Till ſummoned by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied:
Yet ſtill did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For in ſoft viſions gentle ſleep,
Still puſh'd the grog about.

For the Guittar



For the Flute



AH! TENDER DELIA CHECK THAT TEAR

a favorite Ballad

written by Mr. D'Almaine,

Composed by Geminiani.

London, Printed, for G. Goulding, Haydn's Head, James Street, Covent Garden.

Andante Affettuoso

Ah tender Delia check that Tear, nor quite un - man thy parting Swain, my heart could dwell for e - ver here, but must go with me to the main. Sym Ah tender De - lia check that tear, nor quite unman thy parting Swain, my heart could dwell for e - ver here, but must go with me to the

main, Left in the con_flict I ſhould fail when

Britain's haughty foes af_ _ _ _

WHEN MIGHTY MARS

A favorite Song, Sung by Mr. Page,

The Words by Mr. Upton.

Set to Music by J. W. CALLCOTT, B. M.

Organist of St. Paul Covent Garden, & the Asylum.

London, Printed & Sold by J. Bland, at his Music Warehouse, 45, Holborn.

Pr. 1s.

Allegro.

When might - - - - y Mars up - - lifts the

ſpear, And fills the wond'r - ing world with fear;

Then, then my arm, its worth - - - ſhall ſhow, And fearleſs meet the

warlike foe, And fearless meet the war - like foe, the warlike foe, the warlike

foe: the war - like war - - - - - - like

Sy.

warlike foe.

Affettuoso.

Nor Marian, thou my hearts de - light; re - tard thy soldier

from the fight; His love he'll prove when next we meet, And lay his

laurels, And lay his laurels at thy feet.

Volti.

Allegro.

Hark!

Hark the Clarions found a-far, And call, And call the

godlike youth to war; A-gain we lead the daring charge, And hurl the

ſhafts of death at large, And hurl the ſhafts of death at large, And hurl the

ſhafts of death at large. Hark! Hark! Victory thouſands cry, The

glorious clamor rends the ſky, The glorious clamor rends the ſky; The

glorious clamor rends the ſky, The glo-rious cla-mor rends-

Sy.

the sky.

Affettuoso.

The white rob'd virgin gentle peace, commands the din of war to cease;

Commands the din of war to cease. Now be pro_pitious, Gods a_

_bove, And waft me, waft me, to my absent love, Once more my Marian

let me greet, And lay my laurels, And lay my laurels, at her

feet, And lay my lau_rels at her feet, my laurels at her feet, my

Sy.

laurels at her feet.

GENERAL WOLFE

A Favorite Song

composed by

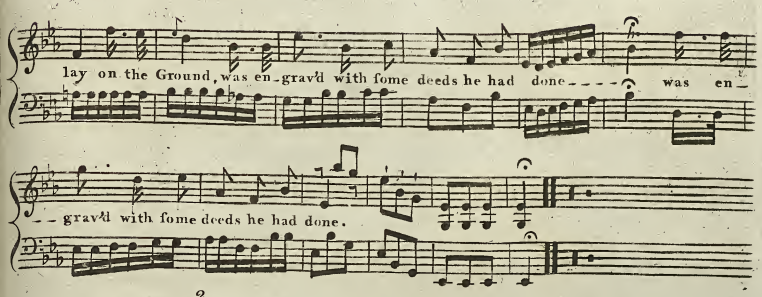
T. Smart.

Pr. 6d

Printed for H. ANDREWS, No. 11, Kendall Place, LAMBETH WALK.

Moderato

In a mouldering Cave where the wretched re_treat, BRITANNIA fat wasted with care, the mourn'd for her Wolfe, and ex_claim'd a_gainst Fate, and gave herself up to de_spair, the walls of her Cell the had sculpturd a_round, with the Feats of her fa_vo_rite Son, and e_ven the dust as it



2

The Sire of the Gods, from his cristalline Throne,
Beheld the disconsolate Dame,
And mov'd with her Tears, he sent Mercury down,
And these were the Tidings that came;
BRITANNIA forbear, not a Sigh or a Tear,
For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd,
Your Tears shall be chang'd into triumphs of Joy,
For thy Wolfe is not dead but remov'd.

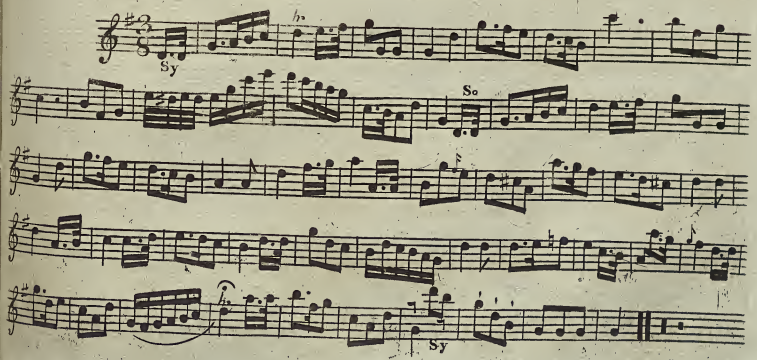
3

The Sons of the East, the proud Giants of old,
Have crept from their darksome abodes;
And this is the News, as in Heav'n we are told,
They were marching to War with the Gods;
A Council was held in the chambers of Jove,
And this was the final decree,
That Wolfe should be call'd to the Armies above,
And the charge was entrusted to me.

4

To the Plains of Quebeck, with the orders I flew,
He begg'd for a Moments delay,
He cry'd Oh forbear! let me Victory hear,
And then thy Commands I'll obey;
With a darksome thick film I encompass'd his Eyes,
And bore him away in an Urn,
Lest the fondness he bore for his own native Shore,
Should induce him again to return.

For the Ger Flute



NOTHING BUT DRUNK,

written and composed

BY

Mr. DIBDIN

for his Entertainment called

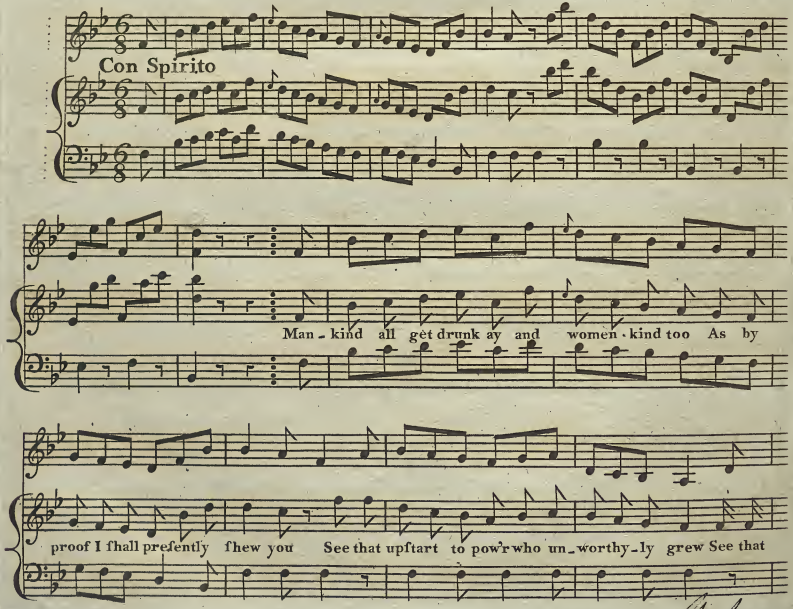
PRIVATE THEATRICALS

OR

Nature in Nubibus

Price 1

London, Printed & Sold by the Author at his Music Warehouse No. 411 Strand, Opposite the Adelphi.



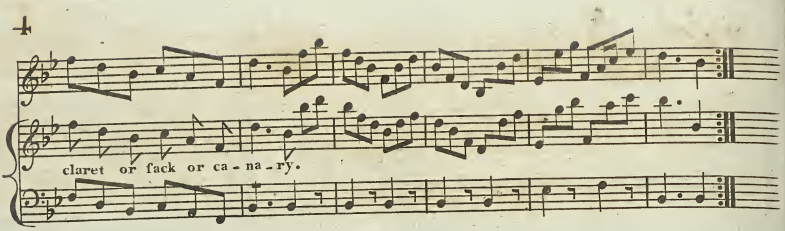
upſtart to pow'r who un_worthily grew With good fortune ſo drunk he don't know you With good

fortune ſo drunk he don't know you Then round with the bowl round with the bowl

round with the bowl The tree's known by its trunk 'tis not liquor our natures can va_ry And

pow'r as completely can make a man drunk Pow'r as completely can make a man drunk As

claret or ſack or ca_na_ry Pow'r as completely can make a man drunk As



2

Why reels that poor wretch? why his eyes does he roll.
Why mutter and ſtorm in that faſhion?
What wine has he drank? how oft emptied the bowl.
Not at all Sir, the man's in a paſsion!
Then round with the bowl, &c.

3

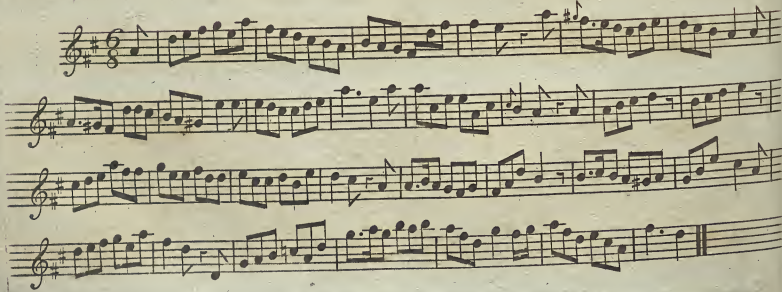
See that whimſical creature now cry, and now laugh,
Now rave, and now ſtorm, and now fidget
He's not drunk Sir, for all he's ſo like a great calf,
'Tis jealouſy makes him an idiot! —
Then round with the bowl, &c.

4

See thoſe beautiful creatures like angels come on,
Form'd us fellows to keep to our tethers,
Say, 'en't it a pity they all are half gone?
Not with wine, but a cap and a feather! —
Then round with the bowl, &c.

5

Thus paſsion, or power, or whim, or caprice,
Poor mortals can make non ſe ipſe: —
We ſwill like a ſpung, or a mayor at a feaſt,
The men drunk, and the ladies all tipſy! —
Then round with the bowl, &c.



Thro' Glades and Gloom the Mingled Measure Stole,

Canzonet

Composed by

R. TAUNTON.

The Poetry from Collins's Ode to the Passions.

LONDON. *Pr. 1s*

Printed & Sold by Thos. Preston, at his Music Warehouses, 97, Strand.

Larghetto

Recit. con

Accomp.t

With eyes up-raiſ'd like one inſpir'd Pale me--lan--cho--ly ſat re-tir'd.

Aria, Andante con espresfsione

And from her wild fe-ques-ter'd feat In notes by diftance

made more fweet Pour'd thro' the mel-low horn - - -

- - - her penfive foul And dafhing

foft from rocks a-round bub - - ling run-nels join'd the found

bub - - - ling run - - nels joind the found

Thro' glades and glooms the mingled meafure ftole or

ad lib.

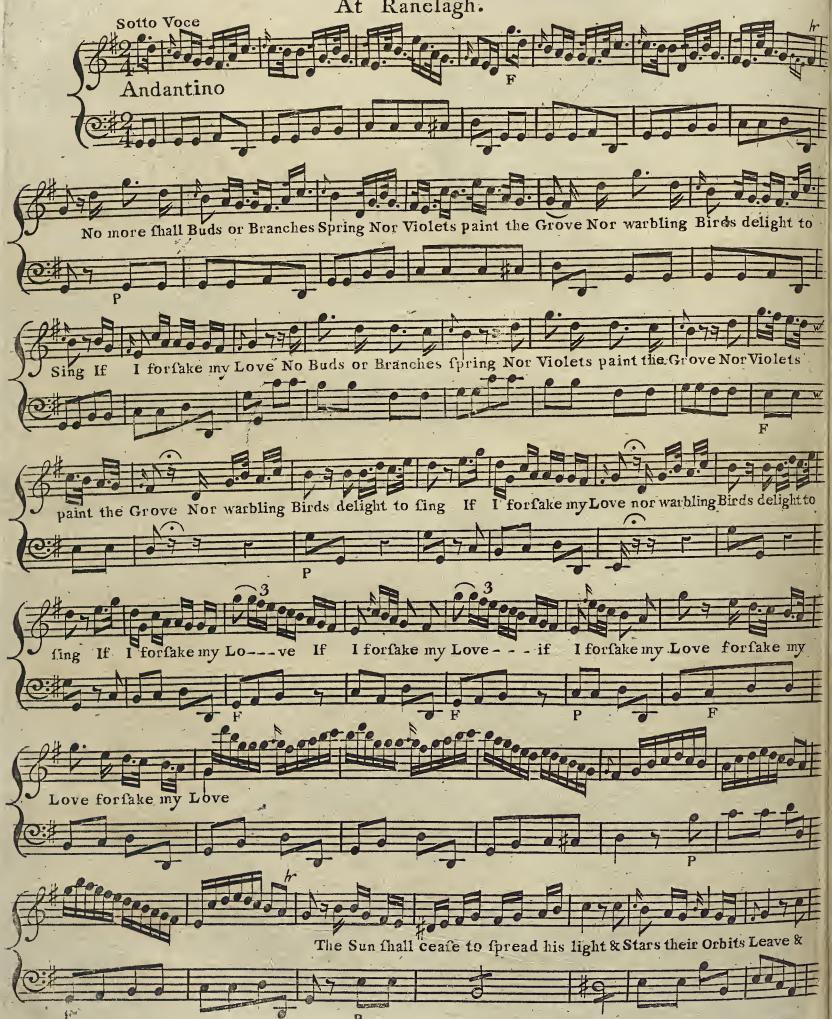
o'er fome haun-ted ftreams with fond de-lay with

fond de--lay Round on ho--ly calm dif-fufing Love of

peace and lonely mufing In hol--low murmurs dy'd a--way in

hol-low murmurs dy'd a---way.

A Favourite SONG Sung by M.rs Baddely
At Ranelagh.



Stars their Orbits Leave and fair Creation ſink in Night and fair Creation ſink in Night when

I my dear deceive no more ſhall Buds or Branches Spring Nor Violets paint the Grove nor warbling

P

Birds delight to Sing if I forſake my Love no Buds or Branches ſpring nor Violets paint the Grove nor

Violets paint the Grove nor warbling Birds delight to ſing if I forſake my Love nor warbling

F P

Birds delight to ſing if I forſake my Love - - - if I forſake my Love - - - if I forſake my

F F P

Love forſake my Love forſake my Love.

P

W. N.

Sold at
BARFORD'S
MUSIC SHOP
Trumpington Str.
Cambridge

Zephyr, come, thou playfull minion,

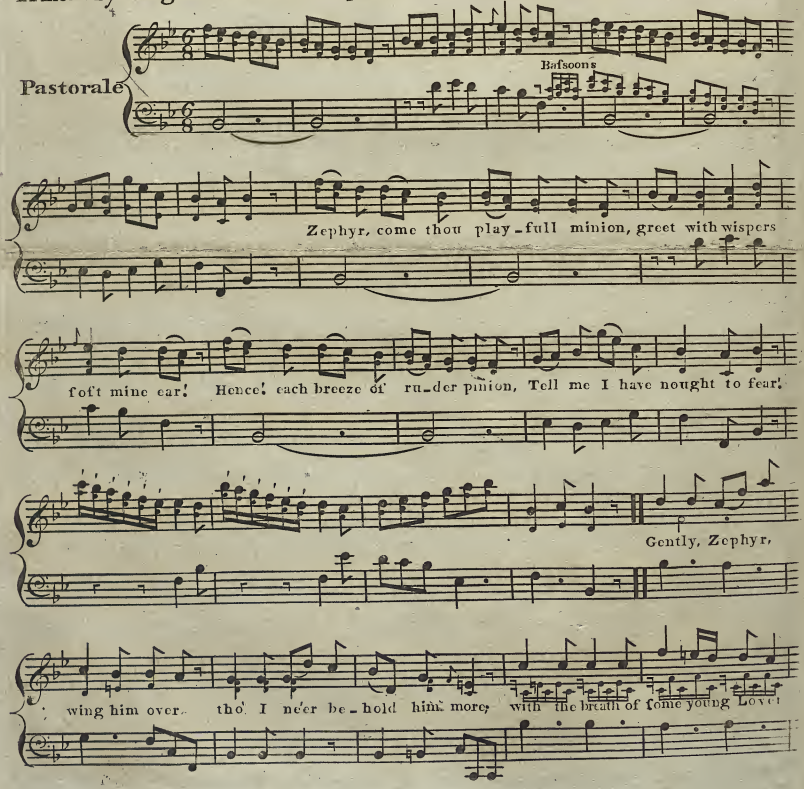
Sung by Miss Dall in the Comic Opera of

THE WOODMAN

Composed by W. Shield

Entered at Stationer's Hall. Price 1s.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Hay Market



Clar

waft him to his native ſhore! waft him to his

na-tive ſhore, with the breath of ſome young Lover waft him to his

na-tive ſhore - Zephyr, come thou playful minion

greet with whispers ſoft mine ear! Hence! each breeze of ru-der pinion tell me I have

nought to fear! Zephyr, whisper, tell me tell me, tell me tell me tell me

oboe

F

pmo

tell me tell me tell me tell me I have nought to fear! Tell me I have nought to fear!

F

Pmo

dim:

dim:

Flute or Guitar

Paſtorale

Zephyr come thou play_ful minion greet with whiſ_pers

ſoft mine Ear! Hence! each breeze of ru_der pinion, Tell me I have nought to fear!

Gently, Zephyr

wing him over, tho' I ne'er be_ hold him more; with the breath of ſome young lover,

waft him to his na_tive ſhore waft him to his

na_tive ſhore with the breath of ſome young Lover waft him to his

na__ tive ſhore _____ Zephyr, come thou play_ful minion,

greet with whiſpers ſoft mine ear Hence! each breeze of ru_der pinion tell me I have

nought to fear Zephyr, whiſper tell me tell me tell me tell me tell me

tell me tell me tell me tell me I have nought to fear ſmo tell me I have

nought to fear. dim:

PETER PINDAR'S favorite GIPSEY BALLAD

As delivered at the MASQUERADE of 10th APRIL 1793, The Music by

T. WRIGHT.

Price 1s

London, Printed & Sold by J. BLAND, at his Music Warehouse 45, Holborn.

Moderato.

p *f*

A wand'ring Gipſey, Sirs, am I, from Norwood, where we oft' complain, With many a

f

tear, and many a ſigh, Of bluſt'ring winds, and ruſhing rain.

No room ſo fine, or gay at- tire, A- mid our hum- ble ſhed ap-

-pear, Nor beds of down, nor blazing fire, At night our ſhiv'ring, ſhiv'ring limbs to

cheer.

f

Volti.

Siciliano.

p

Sy.

A_las! no friends come near our Cot,

tr

The Red_Breafts on_ly find the way, Who give their all, a

pp

Flagiolet.

ſimple note.

At peep of morn, and parting day.

Sy.

Vivace, ma non troppo.

But Fortunes here I come to tell, Then yield me gentle

Sy.

Sir, your hand:

A_mid thoſe lines, what thouſands dwell;

f

Sy.

And bleſs me, what a heap of land, And bleſs me what a

Sy.

heap of land; This furely, Sir, muſt pleaſing be, To

hold ſuch wealth in ev'-ry line, To hold ſuch wealth in ev'-ry line:

(Holding out her Hand.) Sy.

Try, pray now try, if you can ſee, A little treaſure lodg'd in mine:

Try, try, try, pray now, try, Try, try, try, pray now, try,

Try, pray now, try if you can ſee, A little treaſure lodg'd in mine, A little treaſure

Sy.

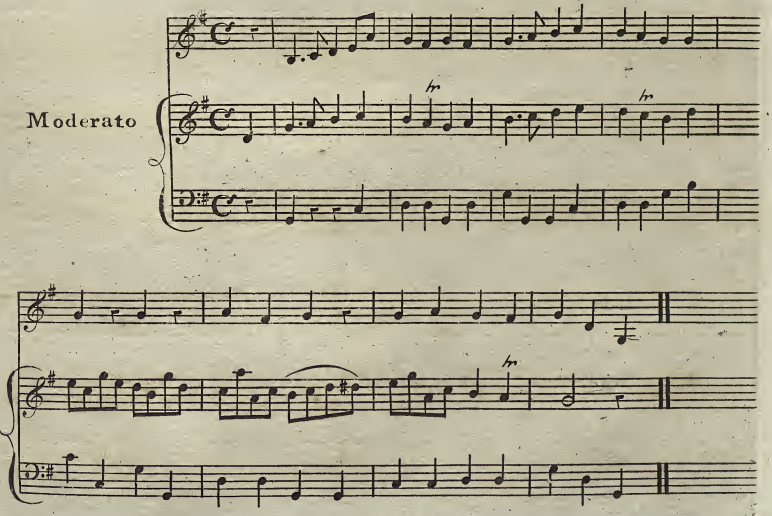
lodg'd in mine, A little treaſure lodg'd in mine.

SPRING OFFERINGS
to the
GODDESS OF PEACE

The Words by Mr RENNETT

set to Music by C. F. Baumgarten.

Printed by John Welcker, Music Seller to their Majesties; and Sold by Bland, No 45 Holborn; Birchall, No 129 New Bond Street; and S. Vache, St Alban's Street, Pall Mall.

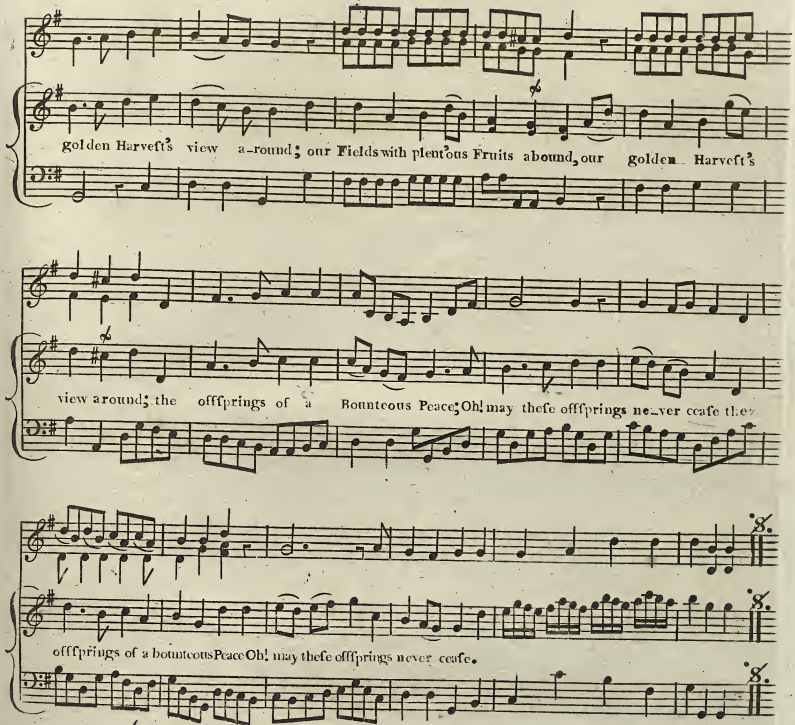


With Each re-vol-ving Year we bring, with each revolving year we bring, our chearfull pro--duce

of the Spring, our chearfull produce of the Spring, To Thee, Oh! gentle God-dess, hear; these

Off'rings may we e--ver bear, to thee, to thee O Goddess hear! these Off'rings may we

e-ver bear. Our Fields with plent'ous Fruits a-bound, Our



(NB: The following Verse is to be sung from the last strain 8.)

May War's rude hand for ever spare,
To stop these pledges of our Care.
(Without thy Aid we see in vain)
May Peace and Plenty ever reign.

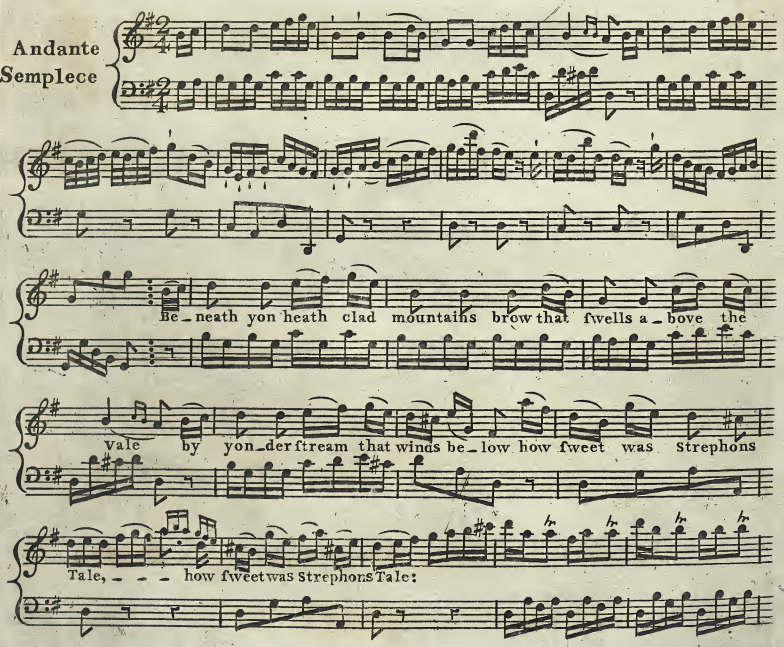
BENEATH YON HEATH-CLAD MOUNTAINS BROW,

a favorite Song

written by Mr. Strange,

Composed by Sampieri.

London, Printed, for G. Goulding, Haydn's Head, James Street, Covent Garden.



Ye heard ye Minftrels of the Grove ye Tenants of the

fhade the warm ef_fu_fions of his Love the ten_der vows he

made The warm ef_fu_fions of his Love the ten_der vows he

made.

2

Each fanning gale that floated by,
Soft breathing from the Weft;
New softnefs ftole from each fond figh,
That heav'd my Suitor's breaft:
But ah! as wooes the tranfient gale,
The blofsom on the Tree;
Or Bees the flow'rets of the dale,
Woo'd fickle Strephon Me.

For the Guitar

Andante
Semplece

GO TO MY DYING SISTERS BED,

A Favorite Song
Sung by Mr. Hill.
in the Opera of the
BLIND GIRL.
Composed by T. Mazzinghi.

Price 1/-

London Printed by Goulding & Co. 45, Pall Mall, & 76 St. James's Street.

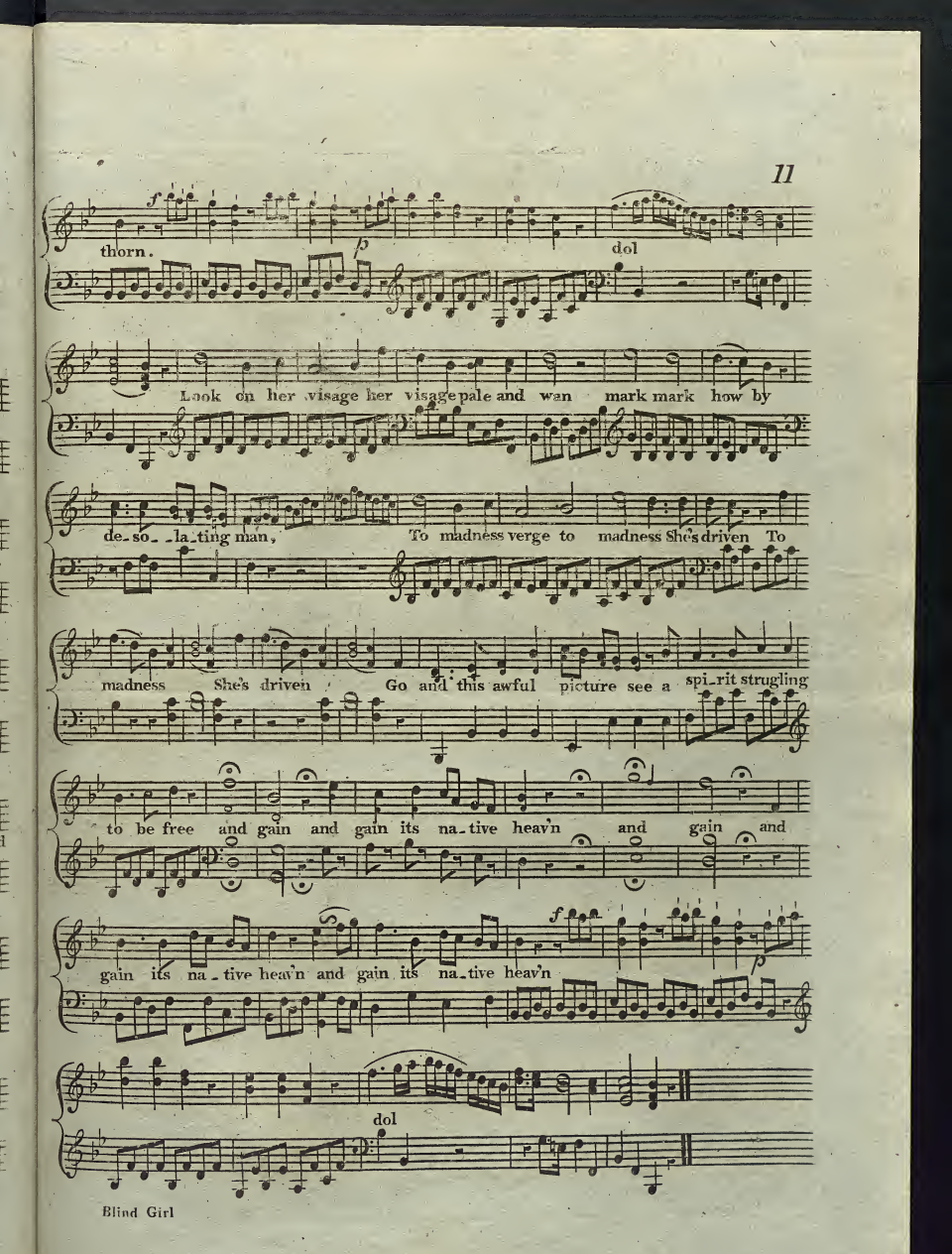
Andante

Dol

f p

Go to my dy_ing my dy_ing Sisters bed, on your kind bo_som rest rest her head, By grief by grief by mi_se_ry torn, Bowed down by anguish bowed down by anguish low it lies like a half broken flow'r that dies Reclining on a thorn, that dies Re_cli_ning on a thorn, Re___clining on a

dol


f
thorn.
p
dol
Look on her visage her visage pale and wan mark mark how by
de-so-la-ting man, To madness verge to madness She's driven To
madness She's driven Go and this awful picture see a spi-rit strugling
to be free and gain and gain its na-tive heav'n and gain and
gain its na-tive heav'n and gain its na-tive heav'n
f
p
dol

WHEN SABLE NIGHT,

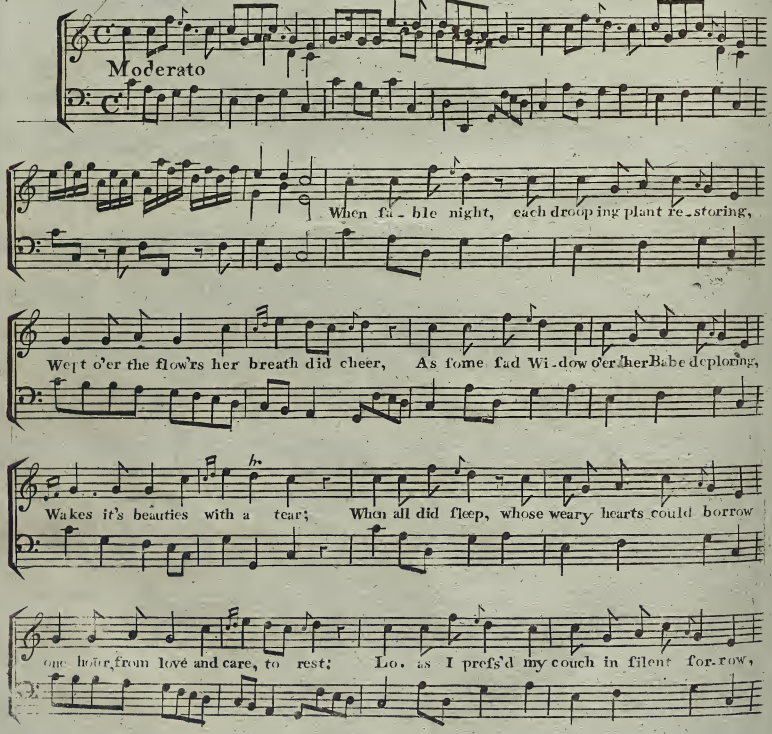
A Favorite Song

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the

DUENNA.

Pr. 1s.

Engraved & Printed by H. Andrews No. 11, Little Canterbury Place, Lambeth Walk.



My Lo ver caught me to his breast; He vow'd he came to save me, from those wh

would enslave me, Then kneeling, kisses stealing, endless faith he swore, But soon I chid him thence, For

had his fond pretence found fa vour then, and he had press'd a gain, I fear'd in my heart I might

grant him more. more.

For the German Flute.

The Soldier's Struggle

Between Love and Honor.

Sung by

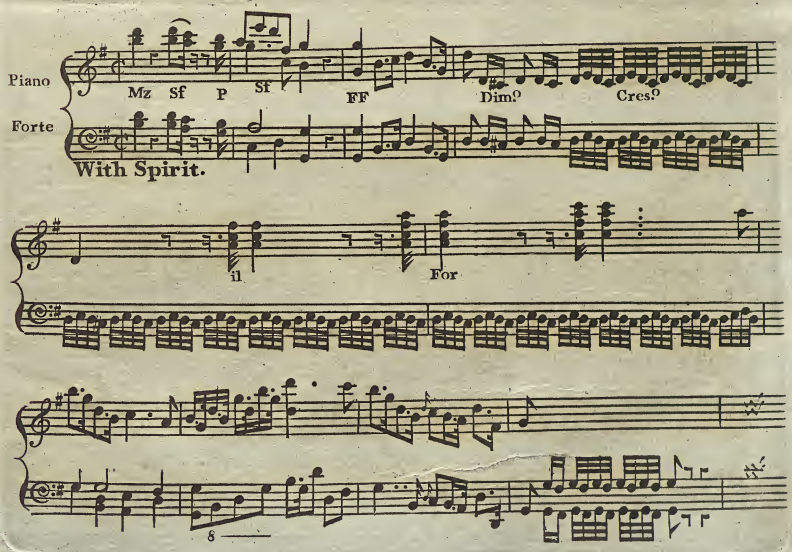
Mr. INCLEDON.

With an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte,

COMPOSED BY T. CARTER.

Printed at Thompson's Warehouse, 75 St Paul's Church Yard.

Price 1s



Mez

Sf F

Ceafe, ceafe, thofe Sighs I can-not bear; Hark! hark! the Drums are

Sf F

cal-ling: Oh! I muft chide, muft

FF P

chide that cow-ard Tear, Or kifs it, as 'tis fal-ling, Or

Sf P PP

kifs it as tis fal-ling: E-

PP F

li-za, bid thy Soldier go, Why thus my Heart-ftrings fe-ver? Ah!

Dim Sf

F Dim Sf Sf Sf

be not then my Hon-our's Foe, Or I am loſt for ever: Ah!

F

be not then my Hon-our's Foe, Or I am loſt for ever, Or

Sf

Sf F

I am loſt for e-ver

FF FF

Truſt Benevolence above,
With Mind reſign'd and ſteady;
He'll never wound, believe me Love,
The Heart that's broke already.

Serene yon dreadful Field I ſee,
Whatever Fate betide me;
Thy Shelter Innocence ſhall be,
And I've no wiſh beſide thee.

GUITAR or CLARINET

So.

1160 x

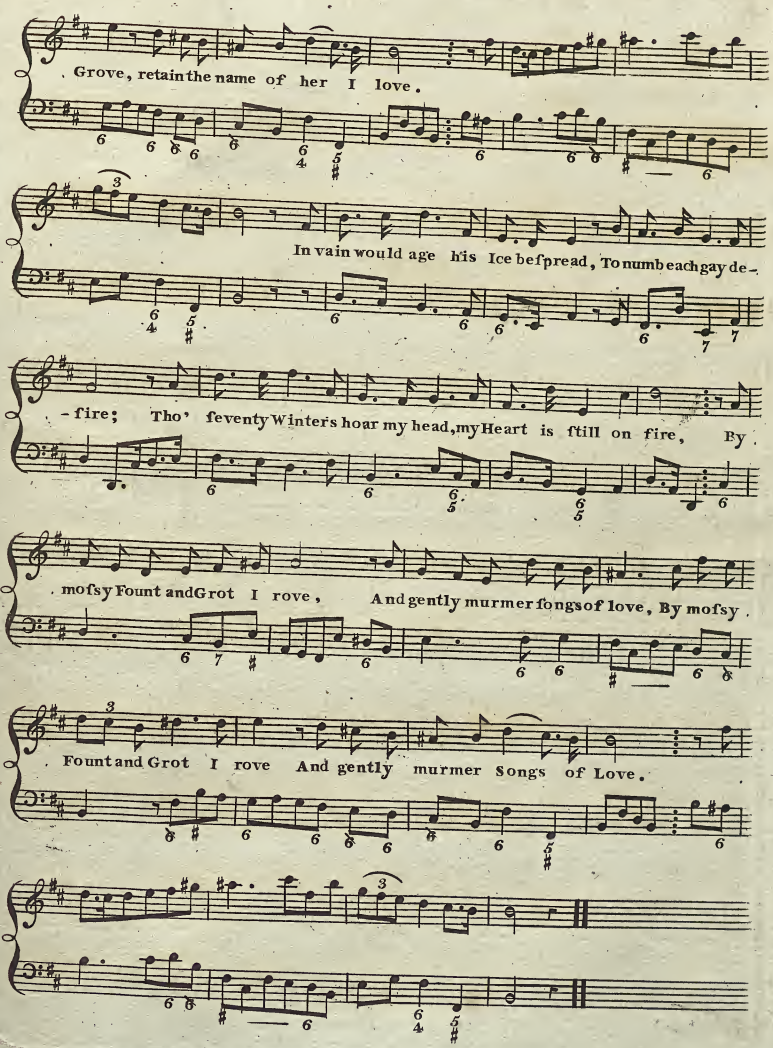
YE VERDANT HILLS

Printed and Sold by J. BLAND at his Mufic Warehoufe N° 45 Holborn.

Handel

Larghetto

Ye verdant Hills ye balmy Vales bear witnefs of my Pains How oft have A - vons flow'ry Dales beentaught my am'rous ftrains The wounded Oaks in yonder Grove Retain the name of her I love the wounded Oaks in yon-der


Grove, retain the name of her I love.
In vain would age his Ice bespread, To numb each gay de-
-fire; Tho' seventy Winters hoar my head, my Heart is still on fire, By
mossy Fount and Grot I rove, And gently murmer songs of love, By mossy
Fount and Grot I rove And gently murmer Songs of Love.

Amidst the illusions

A favorite Song

Sung by Mrs. Clendining in

HARTFORD BRIDGE

Composed by W: Shield

(Hayden)

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Price 1s.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Haymarket.

Allegretto

fz p

Amidst the il - lusions that o'er the mind flutter, I will not forget my true object of Love; At

fz

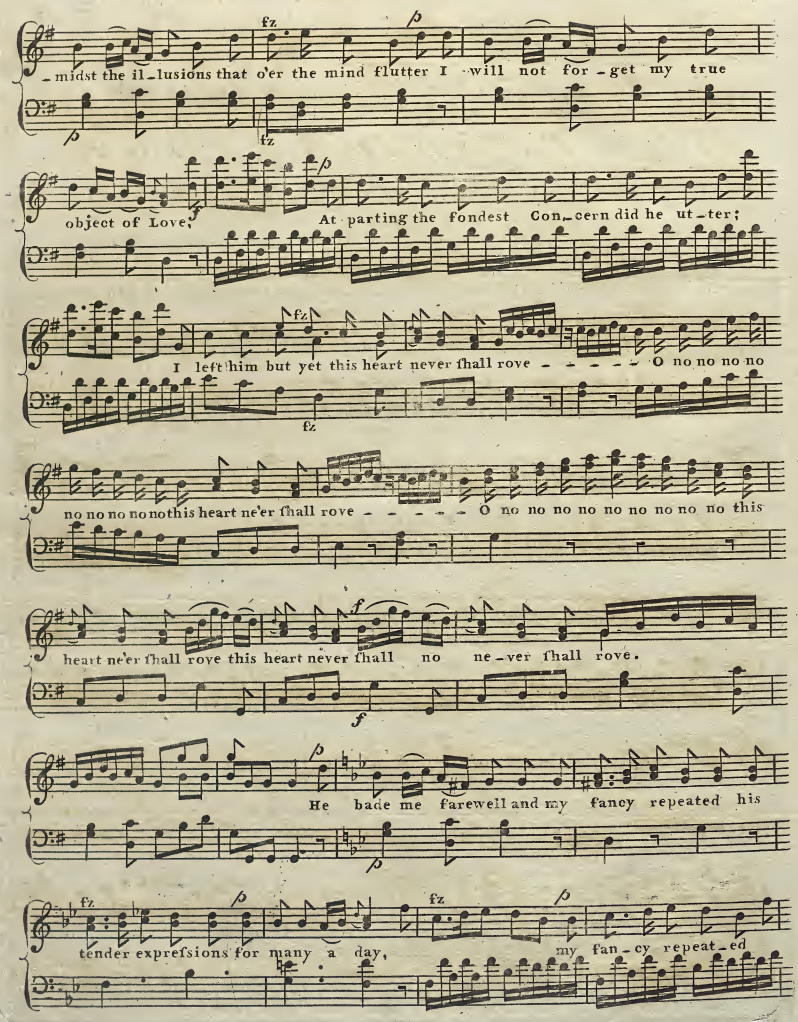
parting the fondest con - cern did he ut - ter, I left him, but yet this heart

never shall rove, no never shall rove, no no no no no no no no no no this heart ne'er shall

rove, no no no no no no no no no no It never shall rove: A -

f p

f


fz
p
midst the il-lusions that o'er the mind flutter I will not for-get my true
object of Love,
At parting the fondest Con-cern did he ut-ter;
I left him but yet this heart never shall rove - - - - - O no no no no
no no no no no this heart ne'er shall rove - - - - - O no no no no no no no no no this
heart ne'er shall rove this heart never shall no ne-ver shall rove.
f
He bade me farewell and my fancy repeated his
tender expressions for many a day, my fan-cy repeat-ed

fz p

And I think were I now un-perciev'd near him feat--ed, From his

lips I ſhou'd ſtill hear the ſoft homage fray. A--midst the il-lusions that

o'er the mind flutter, I will not forget my true object of Love; fz At

parting the fondest concern did he utter, I left him but yet this heart

never ſhall rove - - - - - - O no no no no no no no no no this heart ne'er ſhall

rove - - - - - O no no no no no no no no no this heart ne--ver ne---ver

never ſhall rove - no. never ſhall rove.

fz

Tho' by the tempest the Bark rudely driven

A favorite Song

Sung by Mrs. Clendining in

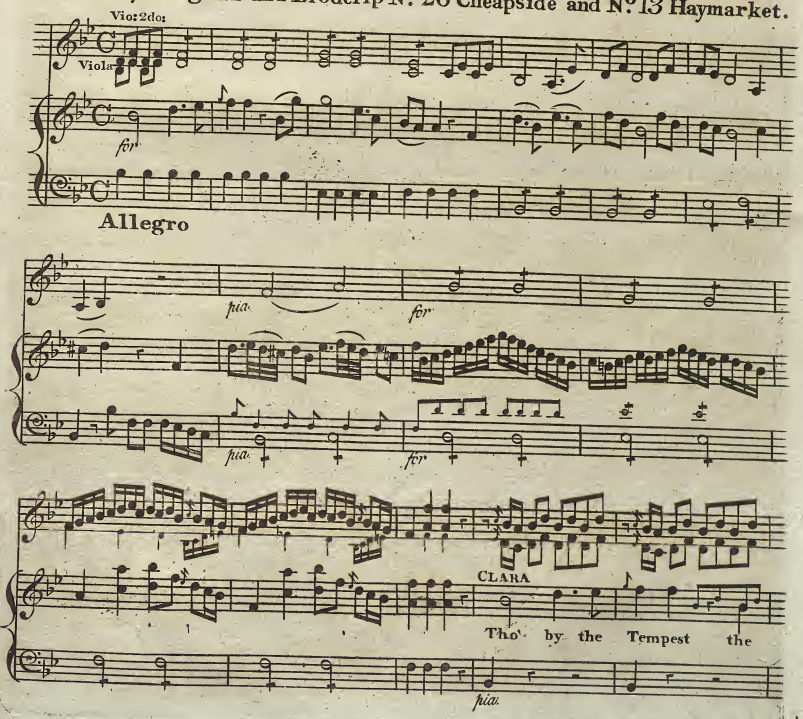
HARTFORD BRIDGE

Composed by

W. SHIELD

Entered at Stationer's Hall. Price 1s.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Haymarket.



bark rudely dri-ven. On the rock ſtrikes and a--sun--der is

riven. and a-ſun - - - - - - - - - - der is

for *pia*

riven. Still the Magnet ingulph'd in the

for *pia*

Main. in--gulph'd - - - - in the Main. Its Virtues unalter'd re-

-tain its Vir -

tues un - al - ter'd re - - - tain its Vir - tues un -

- al - - ter'd re - - - tain - - un - al - - - - - - - - - - - - ter'd re - tain.

for

So - - - the

passion here pos - sest Ne'er can perish. Ne'er can

for

perish But its greetings, its greetings and fond beatings Will I

for

cherish midst the Storms - - -

Ger: Flute or Guitar

Allegro

for *pia.*

for

Tho' by the Tempest the bark rudely driven, On the Rock ſtrikes and a-

-fun-der is riven, and a-fun- - - - - - - - - -

- - - der is riven Still the Magnet ingulph'd in the

Main in-gulph'd - - - - - in the Main I'ts Virtues un-alter-ed re-tain, its

Vir - - - - - - - -

The TRIUMPH of WINE.

Drinking Song,

Written. Composed & Sung

by Mr. Dibdin

at the LYCEUM.

Pr 1.s

London Printed & Sold by Preston & Son at their Warehouses 97. Strand.

Vivace

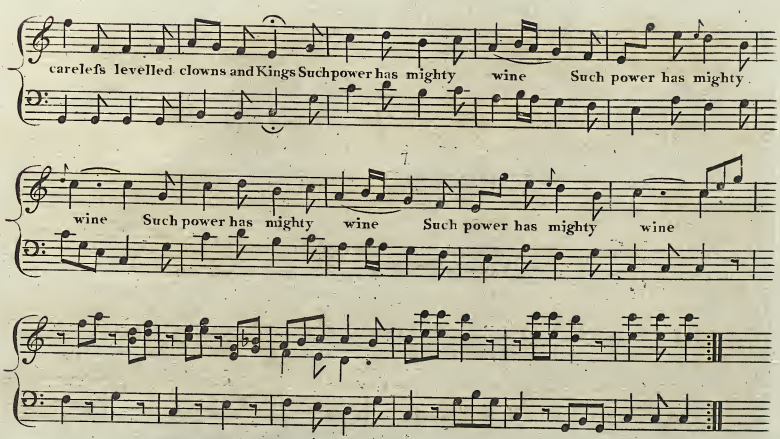
What though from Venus Cupid sprung No

at - tribute di - - vine What e'er the bawling bards have sung Had he his Bow 'till

Bacchus strung And dipp'd his darts in wine And dipped his darts in wine 'Till

old Si - le - nus plung'd the boy in nec - tar from the vine Then love that was be -

- fore a toy Be - came the source of mortal joy The urchin shook his dew - y wings And



2

When Thefeus on the naked ſhore
Fair Ariadne left
Dye think ſhe did her fate deplore
Or her fine locks or boſom tore
Like one of hopé bereft
Not ſhe indeed her fleeting love
From mortal turns divine
And as gay Bacchus Tygers move
His car aſcends amidſt a grove
Of vines furrounded by a throng
Who lead the jolly pair along
Almoſt half gone with wine.

3

Ma'am Helen loved the Phrygian boy
He thought her all his own
But hotteſt love will ſooneſt cloy
He ne'er had brought her ſafe to Troy
But for the wife of Thone
She merry goſsip mixed a Cup
Of tipple right divine
To keep Love's flagging ſpirits up
And Helen drank it every ſup
This liquor is 'mongſt learned elves
Nepenthe called but twixt ourſelves
'Twas nothing more than wine.

4

Of Lethe and its flowery brink
Let muſty Poets prate
Where thirſty ſouls are ſaid to drink
That never they again may think
Upon their former fate
What is there in this ſoulleſs lot
Ipray you ſo divine
Grief finds the palace and the cot
Which for a time were well forgot
Come here then in our Lethe ſhare
The true Oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

For the German Flute

What though from Venus Cupid ſprung no at__tribute di__vine what

e'er the bawling Bards have ſung had he his Bow 'till Bacchus ſtrung & dipp'd his darts in

Wine and dipped his darts in Wine 'till old Si__le_nus plung'd the boy in

Nec_tar from the Vine then love that was be_fore a Toy became the ſource of

mortal joy the Urchin ſhook his dew_y Wings and careleſs levell'd Clowns & Kings ſuch

pow'r has mighty Wine ſuch pow'r has mighty Wine ſuch pow'r has mighty

Wine ſuch pow'r has mighty Wine.

2

When Theſeus on the naked ſhore
Fair Ariadne left
D'ye think ſhe did her fate deplore
Or her fine locks or boſom tore
Like one of hope bereft
Not ſhe indeed her fleeting love
From mortal turns divine
And as gay Bacchus Tygers move
His Car aſſcends amidſt a Grove
Of Vines ſurrounded by a throng
Who lead the jolly pair along
Almoſt half gone with Wine.

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That never they again may think
Upon there former fate
What is there in this ſouleſs lot
I pray you ſo divine
Grief finds the palace and the cot
Which for a time were well forgot
Come here then in our Lethe ſhare
The true Oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

SONGS

2